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KERRANG!

THUNDER
Brit Rock hopefuls making waves in America

JEANNA APLER
Guns N' Roses mom writes for Kerrang!

ZAKK WYLDE
Ozzy's guitarist takes up banjo playing

TIGERTAILZ
Girlie Glamsters – and proud of it

PEPSI TATE and ACE FINNHUM of TIGERTAILZ pic Ray Palmer

THUNDER pic Rock Hallin

POSTERS
Warrant
Lita Ford
Cinderella
Love/Hate

Billy Idol ● Little Caesar ● Mötley Crüe ● Bonham ● Junkyard
Dio ● Johnny Crash ● Vio-lence ● Helloween ● Faster Pussycat

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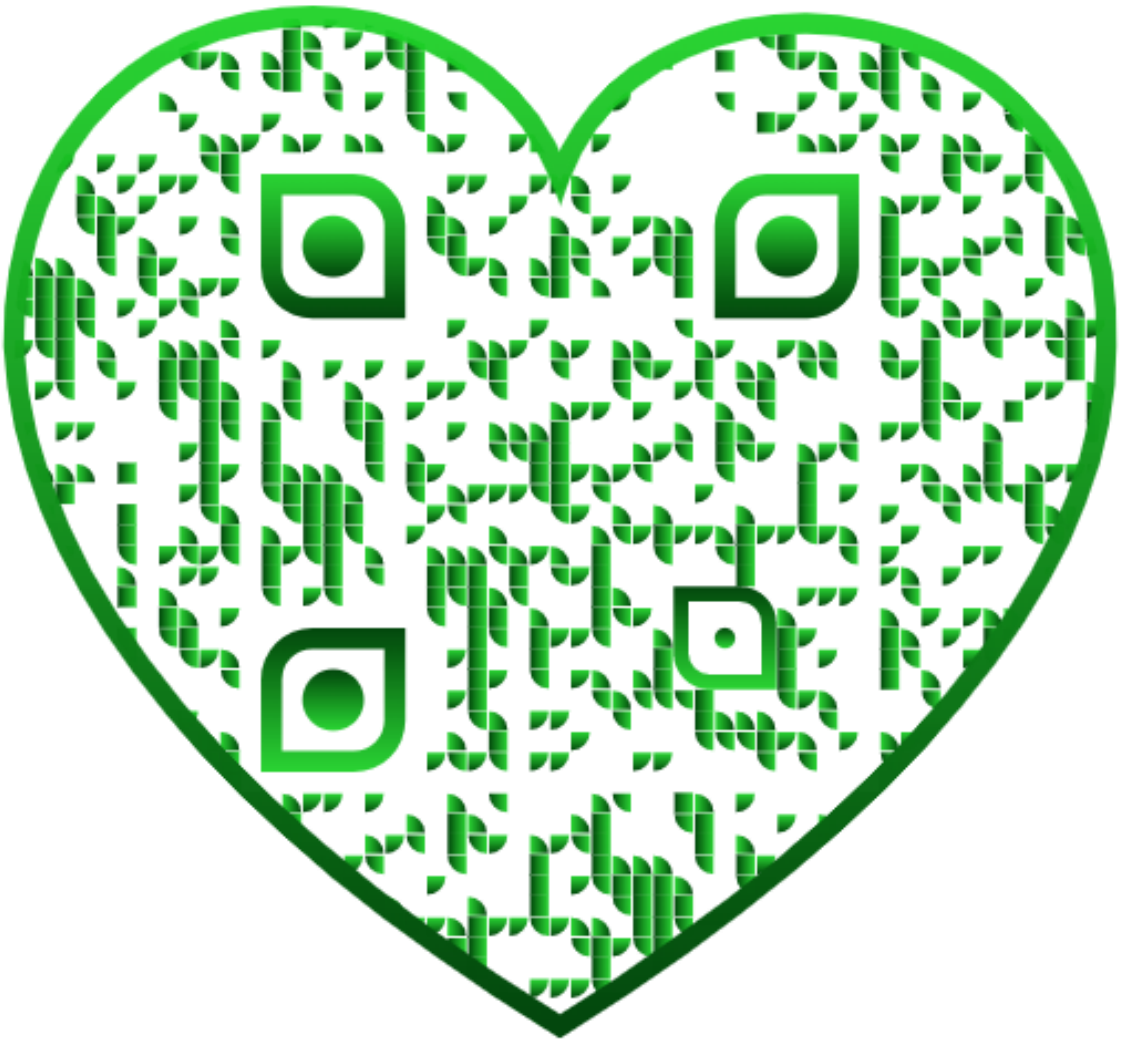

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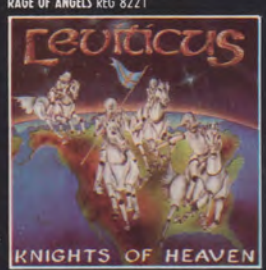

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KONTENTZ

THUNDER
Mick Wall travels to Los Angeles to check out one of **Thunder**'s first transatlantic shows. How will the Yanks take to the latest Brit Rock hopefuls? Will they like 'em, loathe 'em or treat 'em with complete and utter indifference? Find out on...
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ZAKK WYLDE: pic Ray Palmer

ZAKK WYLDE
An illuminatin' interview with **Ozzy Osbourne**'s axeman by **Elianne Halbersberg**. "Duh... well, I've taken up banjo playing, the next Ozzy record's gonna be, like, a Funk Metal album and what does 'homophobic' mean?" quoth the **Wylde** One. We put Zakk on the rack on...
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TIGERTAILZ
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MAYHEM

Vigil ventures

■ *FISH* CELEBRATES the success of his solo career thus far with some further UK shows this Summer.

Fish plays the following dates: *Poole Arts Centre* July 2, *St Austell Cornwall Coliseum* 3, *Aylesbury Civic Centre* 4, *London Royal Albert Hall* 9.

Tickets are priced *£8.50* in Poole and *£8* in Cornwall and Aylesbury.

Tickets for the London show, which is part of the *Capital Radio/Coca-Cola Music Festival*, are priced *£10.50* and *£8.50* from the box office or by credit card on 071-587 1414. By post they're *£11* and *£9* from: *Fish Box Office, PO Box 77, London SW4 9LG.* Include an SAE and allow four weeks for delivery.

Fish's debut solo album, *'Vigil In A Wilderness Of Mirrors'*, is fast approaching Gold status in the UK. Fish will depart for the US towards the end of July, where he'll be touring in support of 'Vigil...'s soon-come US release.

Good, bad, live box from Metallica

■ **METALLICA** RELEASE a box set of six 12" singles, **'The Good, The Bad And The Live'**, on May 7.

It features the following records:

- **'Jump In The Fire'** b/w **'Seek And Destroy (live)'** and **'Phantom Lord (live)'**.
- **'Creeping Death'** b/w **'Am I Evil?'** and **'Blitzkrieg'**.
- **'Helpless'/'The Small Hours'** b/w **'The Wait'**, **'Crash Course In Brain Surgery'**, **'Last Caress'** and **'Green Hell'**.
- **'Harvester Of Sorrow'** b/w **'Breadfan'** and **'The Prince'**.
- **'One'** b/w **'For Whom The Bell Tolls (live)'** and **'Welcome Home (Sanitarium) (live)'**.
- **'Harvester Of Sorrow (live)'/'One (live)'** b/w **'Breadfan (live)'** and **'Last Caress (live)'**.

■ **DOGS D'AMOUR** return to the UK scene with a series of headline shows.

They play **Glasgow Barrowlands** June 12, **Nottingham Rock City** 13, **Manchester International II** 14, **London Astoria** 15, **Walsall Junction 10** 16.

The Dogs, who have spent the last few months recording in Los Angeles with producer **Ric Browde** (**Poison/Joan Jett**), release a new single, **'Victims Of Success'**, through China to coincide with the shows.

They'll release a new album later this year.

■ **MEGADETH** HAVE confirmed that ex-**Cacophony** axeman **Marty Friedman** is the band's new guitarist – as exclusively revealed in *Kerrang!*'s Amerika Kalling column back in March (ish 279).

Mainman **Dave Mustaine** has also recruited drummer **Nick Menza**. Longtime bassist **Dave 'Jr' Ellefson** completes the new 'Deth line-up.

The band are now working on the follow-up to **'So Far, So Good... So What?'**, due through Capitol later this year.

Among the tracks set for inclusion are **'Lucretia'**, **'Hangar 18'**, **'Tornado Of Souls'** and a song inspired by Mustaine's experiences on Megadeth's last Northern Ireland tour, **'Holy Wars'**, which looks set to be the album's first single.

Megadeth will begin a world tour, their first for two years, in Los Angeles in September, with UK shows due in the Autumn.

■ AVANT GARDE AOR four-piece **Nuclear Valdez** have added two shows to their UK schedule. They play **Kilburn National** May 16 (with the **Church**), **Islington Powerhaus** 21.

The band have just released their debut album, **'I Am I'**, through Epic.

■ **SOUNDGARDEN** HAVE been forced to cancel all dates on their European tour after drummer **Matt Cameron** contracted appendicitis.

Arrest me when it's over

TAIME DOWNE of FASTER PUSSYCAT. Pic Joe Giron

■ **LA SCUZZBAGS** *Faster Pussycat* have hit trouble on their current US tour following the arrests of vocalist *Taime Downe* and guitarist *Brent Muscat* after a show in Texas!

The pair spent a night in jail after a show at *La Semana Alegre* and were charged with criminal mischief and disorderly conduct.

Band members were reported to have "made lewd gestures and used vulgar language", according to event organiser *Paul Fraser*.

However, a witness told *Kerrang!* that Taime Downe told the audience: "I don't know about you, but I like to get my hooter sucked, but good".

The band were then reported to have "used expletives and encouraged the crowd to get on the stage".

The stage electricity supply was finally cut after Pussycat reportedly led the audience in an obscene chant directed at police.

The crowd surged towards the stage after the music was stopped, breaking barricades.

Police Captain *Gilbert Sandoval* said: "It started getting out of hand when the crowd started climbing on the stage."

When the band were told the show was over, one member "became highly irate and began to damage equipment on the stage".

$1,360 worth of damage was allegedly done.

Taime Downe was charged under his real name of *Gustave Ronald Molvic*, and both he and Brent Muscat paid a $117 fine after pleading guilty to disorderly conduct.

Both have had bail bonds set at $5,000 on the criminal mischief counts.

Helloween doing fine crazy man!

Pic Ray Palmer

MICHAEL WEIKATH (centre): "We want the album to sound like 12 different tracks by 12 different bands!"

■ **GERMAN THRASH quintet *Helloween* are set for a major return to action after switching labels from Noise International to EMI.**

The band have spent the last few months writing material for a new studio album, as yet untitled, due through EMI later this year.

Production will be handled by *Chris Tsangarides* with mixing by *Nigel Green* (the pair worked together on *Bruce Dickinson*'s *'Tattooed Millionaire'* LP), and recording will take place in Copenhagen's Puke studios, beginning next month.

The band will record a total of 14 tracks, which will include an intro, an instrumental penned by bassist *Marcus Grosskopf* and some tracks for use as B sides.

Among those set for recording are *'I'm Doing Fine Crazy Man'*, a cover of *Carl Perkins*' *'Blue Suede Shoes'* and *'Keeper Of The Seven Keys Part Three'*, which will be used as a B-side only, runs for two-and-a-half minutes and is most definitely not the new album's title!

Commenting on the album, guitarist *Michael Weikath* told Mayhem: "Our new sound is a lot more together. We want the album to sound like 12 different tracks by 12 different bands from 12 different albums!"

XAVIER RUSSELL

Thunder complete the Monsters bill

■ THE LINE-UP at this year's **Monsters Of Rock Festival** at **Donington Park** on August 19 will be completed by **Thunder**. The band will be the first of the five bands onstage, at around 2pm, and followed by the **Quireboys**, **Poison**, **Aerosmith**, and headliners **Whitesnake**.

The promoters Aimcarve wish to stress again that there will be NO tickets for sale on the day – a condition of the licence for the festival this year.

Another first for 1990 is Radio One's decision to broadcast the whole event live. Festival promoter **Maurice Jones** said: "We see this as a great step forward for rock music." Compere for the day will be **Friday Rock Show** host **Tommy Vance**. Gates open at 10.30 am.

■ **BONHAM** HAVE added three more dates to their forthcoming debut UK tour. The full schedule now runs:

Walsall Junction 10 May 23, **Bradford Queens Hall** 24, **London Marquee** 25, **Dudley JB's** 26, **Dudley Himley Hall Park Youth Festival** 28.

The band have now decided to release **'Wait For You'** and not **'Guilty'** as a new single to coincide with the shows.

After giving Mayhem the news, a spokesperson for Bonham's label Epic, mysteriously added that "if **Led Zeppelin** were to reform, **Jason Bonham** will definitely be the drummer...".

Zep reformation rumours have been in circulation almost constantly for the past couple of years, and Epic's statement will doubtless add fuel to the fire. Jason played drums with the rest of the Zep line-up at his wedding last week (see next issue).

However, don't expect any move towards a reformation at least until **Robert Plant** has completed touring with his highly successful fifth solo album **'Manic Nirvana'** and **Jimmy Page** has completed work on his follow-up to his solo opus **'Outrider'**.

■ US THRASHERS **DRI**'s recent appearance at **London Astoria** has been marred by reports of violence between fans and security staff.

Trouble reportedly started after security staff attempted to remove people who'd climbed onstage to stagedive. Eyewitnesses claimed that security staff used torches to beat crowd members.

DRI's label Roadrunner have issued a statement which runs:

"We abhor violence of any sort. We are aware of the need for effective security at rock concerts but totally condemn the abuse of this authority. We are also aware that the vast majority of security professionals conduct themselves in a respectable fashion."

■ OK, PHONE fever freaks, here's yer weekly dose!

- Dial **0898 336606** for the regular **Newsline**!
- Dial **0898 336607** for track one from this week's first **Album Preview** album, **Dio**'s **'Lock Up The Wolves'**!
- Dial **0898 336608** for Dio track two.
- Dial **0898 336609** for another from 'Lock Up The Wolves'.
- Dial **0898 200103** for track one, **Album Preview** two! One of three from **Little Caesar**'s self-titled debut!
- Dial **0898 200104** for more from Little Caesar.
- Dial **0898 200105** for the third Little Caesar rocker!
- Dial **0898 448857** for the **Metal Singles Rundown**!
- Dial **0898 448858** for **Krusher**'s krazy line!
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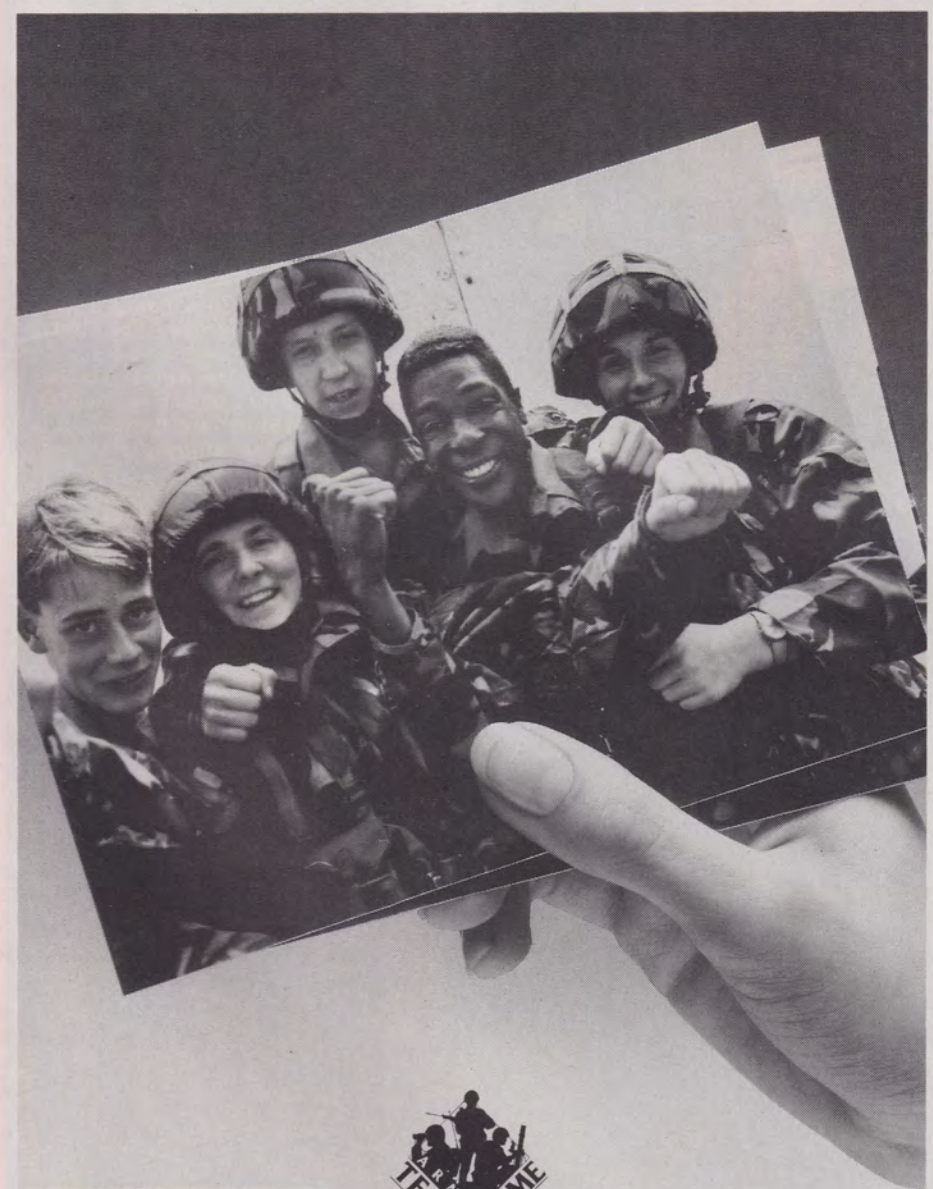
THEY'RE MAKING THE MOST OF THE ARMY. THE ARMY'S MAKING THE MOST OF THEM.



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REKORDZ

Yesterday's hero

RONNIE JAMES Dio: is the wolf at the door?

Pic Ross Halfin

DIO
'Lock Up The Wolves'
(Vertigo 846003)

K K

RONNIE JAMES Dio is an old, balding midget. That's the joke isn't it? At least, that's the one that the press have been laughing at since the abysmal 'Dream Evil'.

It's a cheap shot, but Dio needs another 'Holy Diver' to rubbish it, to slap faces. This is the man who cut 'Heaven And Hell' and 'Rising'. In his time, a bitchin' hard rock god. 'Lock Up The Wolves' will fool no-one.

Dio is caught up in a hammy generic trap. Thus 'Born On The Sun' is 'Heaven And Hell'; 'Wild One' is 'Stand Up And Shout' or 'We Rock' and *hey*, it starts the album!

Lyrically, Dio trots out the dragons, angels and, yes, rainbows without shame or mercy, and beyond joking. Don't bother calling them a barely digestible pap of sadly clichéd, dementedly mixed and clumpy metaphors. They may be a huge joke at our expense. You want to bet on it?

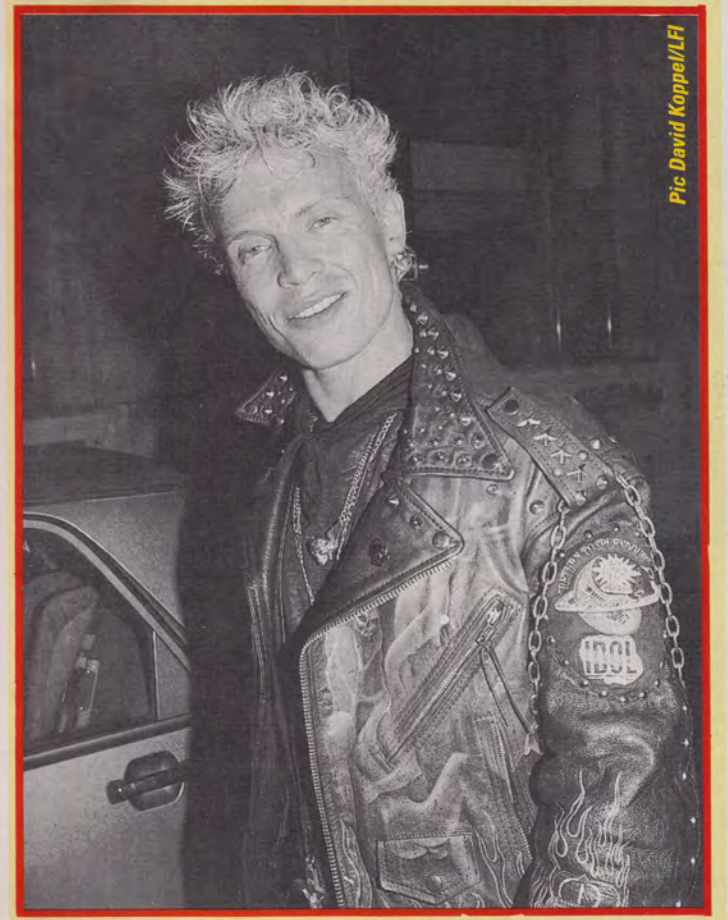
'Lock Up The Wolves' scuffs around for a good idea. 'Evil On Queen Street' and the title cut explore the extremes of plod Metal. That boring.

Dio is big enough to know competence is no excuse. Living Colour, King's X and Metallica exist and Dio won't catch up. That's sad, but time and life move on.

JON HOTTEN

K: Koff!
KK: Kroak!
KKK: Kor!
KKKK: Krikey!
KKKKK: Kosmik!

The charmer



BILLY IDOL: could this man be trying to sell us high-interest bank accounts very soon?

BILLY IDOL
'Charmed Life'
(Chrysalis CHR 1735)
KKK

BILLY IDOL is, like the badly painted visage on the cover of this album, sporting a degree of wear and tear. Forget the references to his bloody motorcycle tear-up (though some of us have difficulty in doing so) the latest is...Billy is back, bad – well, sneering – and a little sombre.

His inner sleeve shot isn't afraid to show the lines and his words reflect the new-found pathos of maturity. Maybe he should have called it 'Look Back In Wonder'? The carefree youthfulness is an occasional distant spot on this musical horizon.

His aural retrospective dallies with a remarkably heartfelt 'LA Woman' and a shot at Marty Wilde with 'Endless Sleep', though the latter comes across as more of a Doors rendition. It's no mistake that he's soon to make some sort of cameo in Oliver Stone's forthcoming movie on that band.

Elsewhere 'The Loveless' is the Idol trademark wrapped in a Hammond organ and a few customary yelps. Lower than a snake's belly and aching with promise.

'Pumping On Steel' has Idol strolling instead of pushing on impact, failing to remind us just where he used to stand. Whereas this could have come out all punches and guts, it ambles, the vocal particularly a languid dribble where there should have been teeth.

'Prodigal Blues' is his pretender to musical immortality, the true pointer as to where he's landed. It's introspective and charming, a look at the soul of Little Boy Lost. He states, mesmerised, *'Only my voice came back/Only the echo came back'*. I think it's true to say that Billy Idol has finally realised he can't change the world.

'Love Unchained' should have been the single over the dreadfully dull 'Cradle Of Love', a sudden snatch of pop that even radio formatting could have understood.

'The Right Way' is more of the same, while 'Trouble With The Sweet Stuff', raved about elsewhere, is dangerously close to Bowie around the time of 'Let's Dance'. Match this with the leather-clad man on the rear of the sleeve and you find yourself wondering just how many stools he's in danger of falling between.

Billy Idol, possessor of a charmed life, infamous sneer and a dodgy leg, is settling his mid-life crisis by becoming Safe and very possibly sorting out his bank account.

Charmed maybe, cosy definitely...

PHIL WILDING

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Elektra

Big time beckons

LITTLE CAESAR: something to shout about

LITTLE CAESAR
'Little Caesar'
(Geffen WX352)

KKKKK

HOW AND why isn't important right now. Suffice to say that Little Caesar once took a shot at their 15 minutes with a driven four minutes of fury called 'Down To The Wire'. It appealed and impressed, but then they disgraced their name with some stupid condom-façade wrapped EP. I thought it was over.

And now, in an age where Geffen are signing anything in ragged hair and jeans, another rock album on their roster doesn't seem too much to shout about. But I'm shouting.

They may swagger *real stupidly* with 'Down-N-Dirty', but only for the first four bars. Little Caesar have the unnerving knack of taking the obese form of the tried and trusted and turning the bugger on its head. They may be LA Hard Bastards, but their sound is unequivocal and international. Melody with a gash in its face, rock and roll laced with pain and sentiment.

'Chain Of Fools' begins with a chuckle and an *a capella* over a couple of finger clicks. The essence is simply fun, the bridge intact vintage Van Halen. *Guys, this is a lark.*

'In Your Arms' is pure bloody anthem, while 'From The Start' has a hook honed out of pure platinum. Unwieldy and shining defiantly, brilliantly. 'Rock-N-Roll State Of Mind' (I know some of the titles are moronic) is a slant-eyed stab in the throat. You know, that good sexual kind of pain...

'Driving It Home' belongs to someone else, of that I'm sure, though, I'll forgive them the discrepancy as they follow it with 'Midtown', the song that John Cougar Mellencamp has forgotten how to write. *'Someone's hanging in the hallway/Habit's hard to subsidise/Well it comes as no surprise/In Midtown...'.*

'Cajun Panther' is borne out of the '60s and timeless blues, while 'I Wish It Would Rain' is the ball-busting, heart-breaking ballad that drives you to the bottle and the telephone, and too many dawns through bleary, unfocusing red eyes.

'Little Queenie' hollers out the ending all hope and thankful release. And, of course, it's the perfect reminder to flip the damned thing over again.

PHIL WILDING

REST IN PIECES
'Under My Skin'
(Roadracer RO 9510)

KKKK

IF FRANCIS Ford Coppola were to introduce a new, meaner-tempered Carleone grandson in 'Godfather III', one of Heavy Metal inclination, what better a choice than Rest in Pieces vocalist Arman Majidi?

Rest in Pieces are alleyway Hardcore, wrenched from the same mean-tempered cloth as Sick Of It All, Killing Time and Leeway; Metalheads in spite of themselves, punks that pierced the speed limit and then downshifted for more satisfying consequence.

This time, however, they've made a serious discovery: rock 'n' roll.

The end result is a crushing, mid-tempo paint-peeler. Wedged so tightly between a past life of CBGB's matinées and their current reincarnation, 'Pieces offer a truly gonzoid juxtaposition of style – and a much more coherent result than Celtic Frost's 'Cold Lake.

From harsher batterings played out mere months ago on the spotty 'Free For All' compilation, guitarist Rob Echeverria has apparently happened upon an Eddie Cochran record or two. Ditto for Majidi who throws in an unexpected, *'Oh baby!'* on 'I Got the Fire'.

'Five Golden Rings' initiates matters, and RIP maintain expected power, wrapping themselves around Echeverria's guitar heroics and dynamic riffage. NYC 'Core fans rest assured, there's plenty of working class ethic and inter-scene bickering, not to mention the ever-present 'fight the oppressors' sentiment to keep the band from falling too far from their former stylistic parameters.

Intriguing, though a bit unexpected, the contortions Rest In Pieces put themselves through are admittedly a bit uneven. Closer 'No Man's Land', punctuated by Arman's laughable crooning, falls flat on its face; former Hardcore bands lunging towards Heavy Metal balladeering? Not so, methinks.

Still, 'Pieces do make an offer I can't refuse.

MIKE GITTER

ABDUCTION
'Abduction'
(Frantic F3405-4 import)

KK

WHEN IT comes to album covers, as Spiñal Tap will certainly tell you, there's a fine line between clever and stupid. American Queensrÿche-wannabes Abduction might as well have had a woman with a dog-collar around her neck sniffing a glove, considering the shot that they did choose to adorn their first, six-track release. Is it really a very enlightened attitude to photograph a pretty girl bound by hands and feet to a chair leg? Get it? Abduction? Oh yeah, nice once morons!

I can't deny that I didn't hold out too much hope for the musical merits after the visual *faux-pas*, but it has to be said that Abduction know how to play a bit. It's just what they play that causes me problems. Vocalist Sharky does a pretty close copy of Geoff Tate and the rest of Abduction give it a good shot in their attempts to clone Seattle's finest. But this is hardly the way to hone a career.

Nobody likes a cheap imitation, and while Abduction give it loads, it's all a bit pointless when there's nothing that makes you feel they want to make their music their own. 'Bow To Your Master', 'Killer Killer', 'Feel The Rock' – it's all just a bit hopeless for the simple reason that the songs sound over-long, over-complicated and overblown.

If you wanna be Queensrÿche then you'd better make damn sure that you're able to record something with a hook as gargantuan as 'I Don't Believe In Love'. *That's* the yardstick by which Abduction will be measured, and I'm afraid that at the moment these boys are a good coupla feet short of the required length.

I really can't see that there's a need for this high circumstance pomp any more. The market for this type of stuff is more reduced than yesterday's milk at Sainsbury's. If Queensrÿche are having a hard time breaking it, then what price Abduction? They might have a track which rejoices in the title 'Rocker In Action', but I would be prepared to lay money on the fact that Abduction are gonna be out of action for some considerable time.

HOWARD JOHNSON

TYNATOR
'Living In Pain'
(CCG Underground CCG3/ 22004-409)

KKKK

LAST TIME, and indeed the *first* time I heard Tynator it was in the form of 'No Life' and 'Seed Of Descent' from the highly commendable North American 'Thrash Assault' compilation.

And indeed it would seem that since then the band have certainly not been wasting their time, and have added five tracks to the aforementioned two, with some startling results.

'Living In Pain' is yet more proof that, while English Hardcore bands spend more and more time trying to out-weird each other, and less and less time gigging, the Yanks have been getting down to the serious business of making noise.

Tynator's only setback is their use of the widdly-diddly, almost acoustic guitars that have become the thing of so many Thrash bands since Metallica's 'Ride The Lightning'.

Unfortunately there is absolutely no band info on the sleeve at all, just a track list and album title, so I can't really tell you much else about them.

There is, however, a small printed note that reads 'Hi-tech Brutal Speed Metal from desert wastes of Arizona' which, I suppose, sums up the damage they inflict during songs like 'Torture By Sound'.

And I'd go along with that description – after all, Charlie Manson was at his most creative after being in the desert.

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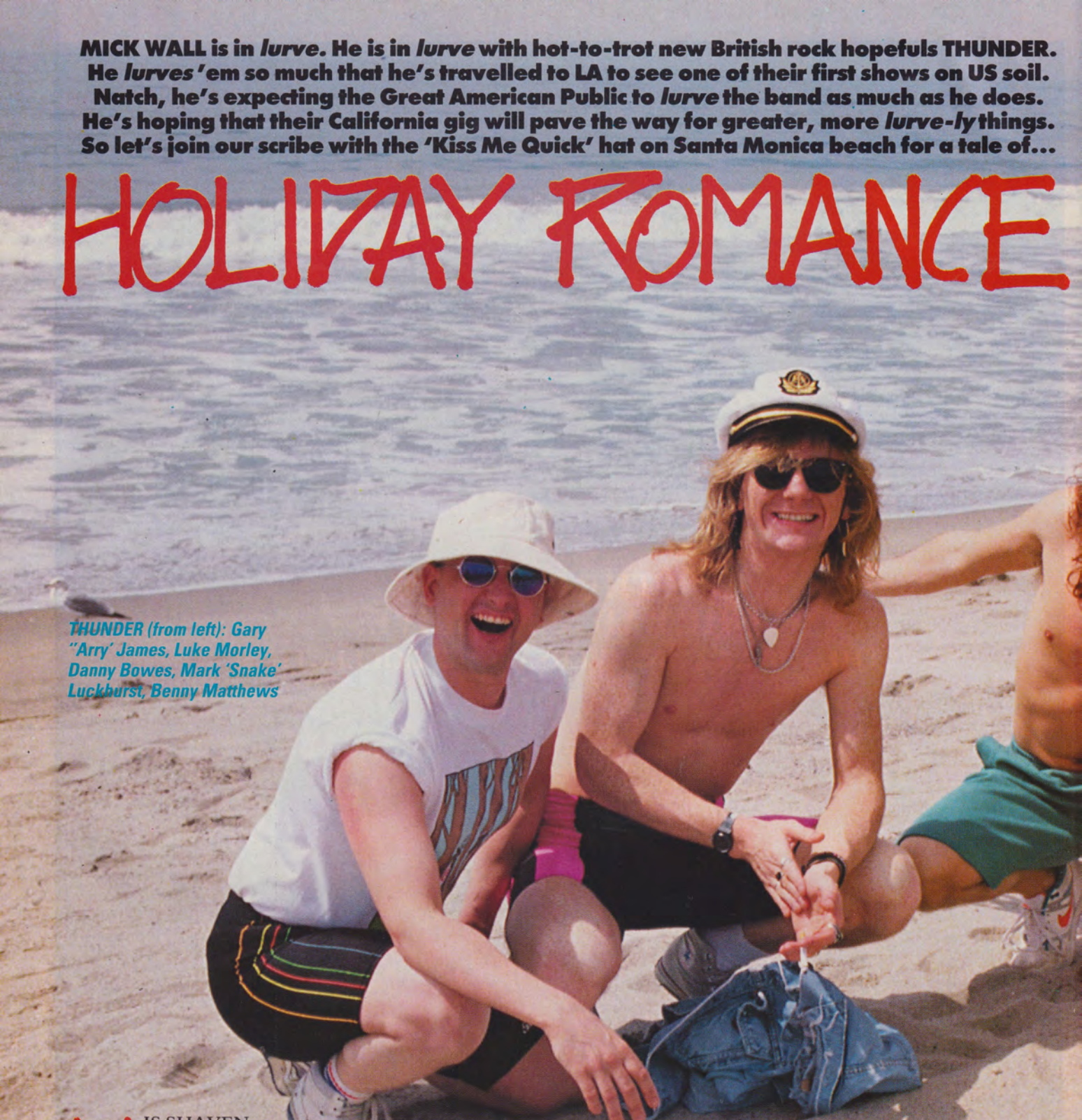
MICK WALL is in *lurve*. He is in *lurve* with hot-to-trot new British rock hopefuls THUNDER. He *lurves* 'em so much that he's travelled to LA to see one of their first shows on US soil. Natch, he's expecting the Great American Public to *lurve* the band as much as he does. He's hoping that their California gig will pave the way for greater, more *lurve-ly* things. So let's join our scribe with the 'Kiss Me Quick' hat on Santa Monica beach for a tale of...

HOLIDAY ROMANCE



THUNDER (from left): Gary "Arry' James, Luke Morley, Danny Bowes, Mark 'Snake' Luckhurst, Benny Matthews

HIS SHAVEN head already turning an indelicate shade of lobster pink, Thunder drummer Gary "Arry' James squints through pinched black granny glasses into the grey smog-ringed horizon ahead and says: "Sun, sea and saucy scantily-clad young wimmin walkin' around all over the place... it's not a bit like Crystal Palace, is it?"

Well, no, it isn't. Actually, we're in the backseat of Thunder manager Malcolm McKenzie's rented roll-top jeep, bumping along the Los Angeles freeway, pretending we know which way we're going and hoping to end up somewhere on or close to Santa Monica beach.

Thunder are in town for their first-ever live appearance anywhere in California – at the Roxy on Sunset later tonight – as part of the promotional push behind the release in America of 'Back Street Symphony', the first Thunder album and already a Top 20 hit back home in Britain.

'Arry' admits he's having trouble, though, adjusting to his new surroundings.

"It's just so, well... different here," he shrugs.

"Different from Crystal Palace, you mean?" pipes up Thunder vocalist Danny Bowes, huddled in the passenger seat next to Malcolm.

"Yeah," nods "Arry'. "Exactly. Take the Tropicana Club, where we got taken last night. What's that all about? You bid for a woman and then you mud-wrestle her..."

Danny: "You certainly don't get much of that down in Crystal Palace."

"Arry': "No, you don't! The pubs would never allow it. The only thing you get to wrestle after a few drinks in Crystal Palace is other fellas..."

Danny: "Still, you never know, it might catch on."

"Yeah," says "Arry', deep in thought. "After all, there's a lot of sick people in Crystal Palace."

"You should know. You live there," Danny taunts him.

"Not as many sick people as go down the Tropicana, though," 'Arry' decides.

But Danny isn't done yet. "Of course, you're an expert on that too now, aren't ya?"

"I don't know," 'Arry' bows his head. "But I reckon if I kicked around here long enough I'd probably become an expert on all sorts of things I'd really rather know nothing about."

corpses! I kept lookin' around for the headstones."

"Well, what do ya expect?" 'Arry' chirps up. "Those sort of people probably go to a gig like that every week."

"Yeah, but when you've just come straight off a five week tour (of Britain) with sold-out shows everywhere and a great buzz about the band wherever you go, it's a bit of a sickener to go five days later into

down to the floor!"

Ah... New York City: where only the ugly survive. Few nuts come tougher (or sweeter, once you do manage to crack it). Los Angeles, like the climate, promises to be both hotter and more relaxed.

"Everybody says tonight will be much better than New York," says Danny, "but we're going into it on exactly the same level as we have done

behind his sunglasses.

"Exactly!" chimes Danny. "That's the kind of warm, carefree attitude we want to bring to America! A little bit of..." he trails off, lost for the right words.

"...Crystal Palace?" suggests 'Arry'.

"Yeah," Danny smiles malevolently. "A little bit of Crystal Palace, right in yer face!"

Pic Ross Halfin

'There's a world you've never seen
But I've been there in my dreams
It's calling out to me...'
– 'Higher Ground'

THUNDER'S FIRST live appearance on American soil had actually taken place three days before; a record company showcase gig before a coupla hundred of the more prominent local media freeloaders at the Cathouse in New York.

"Our first-ever gig in America and what a gig to remember that was," says Danny sardonically. "It was like playing to a bunch of

something like that," Danny points out.

"There was even some bastard playin' on one of the video-game machines while we were on stage!" he says, unable to stifle a laugh. "Right in the middle of 'Don't Wait For Me', the big soulful ballad!

"There I am baring my soul, soul completely and utterly nude, as it were, and out of the corner of my eye I can see this bastard on this machine!

"Benny's (Matthews, Thunder guitarist/keyboardist) face afterwards was a picture. He sat there with this horrid blank expression on his face. And he's got a bit of a protruding bottom lip anyway, but this thing was hangin'

with everything so far. That is: expect nothing and anything you do get will come all the more appreciated.

"You can only do your best," he goes on. "And we learnt a long time ago that that's the most important thing of all: to just be yourself.

"I mean, the gig itself in New York was a bore for us, to be honest. But we played great! In fact, it was probably one of the best gigs this band's ever done. From a purely musical standpoint, certainly."

"Anyway, if they don't like it, sod 'em! That's what I say," says 'Arry', waking up from

'I can see the fading sun
Sinking at the edge of town
And it's one more day that's gone...'
– 'Until My Dying Day'

ON THE beach at Santa Monica it's photo-session time. The five Thunder members – Danny, 'Arry', Benny, lead guitarist Luke Morley and bass player Mark 'Snake' Luckhurst – line up on the shoreline with their backs to the sea while photographer Ross Halfin barks orders at them.

"ONE-TWO-THREE... LOOK INTO MY LENS!" he yells at the top of his lungs. "Oi, Lucifer!" he shouts sarcastically at

KONTINUEZ OVER

ROMANCE

FROM PREVIOUZ PAGE

Luke. "Why don't you try and look a bit *more* bored!" Luke straightens up and smiles hard into the camera.

"LOOK INTO MY LENS!" Snap! Another slide in the bag.

Standing Ross' side of the camera you can almost see the front-page headline hovering in the white oblong sky above their heads: 'ENGLISHMEN ON HOLIDAY'.

"Right," Ross continues, "now I want you to pick 'Arry' up, all of you, so that he's lying in your arms. That's it. Come on! Come on!"

The band dutifully pick 'Arry' up and he sprawls like a porpoise across their outstretched arms and sticks out his tongue.

"LOOK INTO MY LENS!" Snap! Snap! Snap! Snap!

"All right, now I want you to drop him," says Ross.

"What?!" cries the porpoise.

Too late.

"LOOK INTO MY LENS!" Snap! Snap! Snap!

"Arry' hits the sand with a grunt and the others walk away laughing. Ross looks concerned for a moment.

"What's the matter? I got the shot, didn't I? You're lucky we didn't have to do it again," Ross tells the hapless drummer, still sprawled belly-down in the sand.

"We're a new band in a big place, and we could probably gig all over America for the next five years and still not get to play everywhere" – LUKE MORLEY

Pic Ross Halfin

The band spend another half hour or so looking into Ross' ubiquitous lens before calling it a day and heading back to the parking lot.

I fall into stride alongside Danny and he begins to chat more seriously about what this trip to America really means to him and his band.

"Obviously we wouldn't be bothering with all this if we didn't seriously believe Thunder had a good chance of making it here in America," he says. "But we're big boys, we know the score. It's a vast continent and you don't just happen overnight. It takes work.

"Capitol Records here in America haven't bothered to make any false promises to us about what they can or can't do. They know we've been around and they credit us with a little bit more sense than to start sprouting that bullshit to us.

"NO, WE KNOW how hard it is to make any dent in a country the size of this one. But you've got to start somewhere, and here it is," he says, waving a hand in the direction of the flat blue ocean receding in the distance behind us.

It's Luke and Benny's turn to share Malcolm's jeep with me for the drive back to the band's hotel in Hollywood. Like their singer, both freely admit they wouldn't be here in the first place if they didn't secretly hunger for significant American success.

But, they insist, turning the bucks big-time is far from top of the Thunder agenda at the moment.

"It's like being asked, would you like a million quid?" reflects Luke Morley, all rusty blonde hair and a forest-fire of freckles, and kitted out in very Englishman-abroad knee-length shorts. "The answer is, of course you do!

"But the real question is, what do you have to do to get it? If it means selling yourself down the river with every passing whim the record company can come up with, or trying to copy what's already in the charts, then forget it, this band will never make it! Besides, me and Danny and 'Arry' already tried that once with Terraplane. Need we say more?

"On the other hand, if it's possible to make it purely on the ability to write good songs and put on a tight, exciting show every night, then I'd say we've made a good start, wouldn't you?"

I would.

Luke goes on, "We're a new band in a big place, and we could probably gig all over America for the next five years and still not get to play everywhere.

"And I think a lot of bands would be daunted by that. But

THUNDER ONSTAGE in LA: "We're gonna be the boil on the bum of the American rock music business," says Danny Bowes

that, to us, represents five years of good times. We could have a real good time in those five years, do you know what I mean? Of course, we'd probably all be dead at the end of it..."

Well, if they are, at least it won't be because of something as sordid as drugs. In fact, drugs and Thunder do not mix well at all. And that includes everyone who works for them, from the lowliest humper on the road-crew to the band members themselves.

"Anyone caught doing drugs is fired immediately," Malcolm McKenzie had informed me proudly on an earlier occasion.

But that doesn't mean Thunder don't know how to have a good time after the show; they just save their debauching for the bar. Or just as likely the hotel bedroom.

"It's like the old saying, 'Sex And Drugs And Rock And Roll', but when you can only do two out of three you tend to go for the two you can do to even *more* excess," Benny explains with a remarkably straight face.

"We just leave the guys who want to do drugs in one room and go off and f**k their women in another..."

And do the band all wear their wellies when they go paddling, so to speak?

"Absolutely!" they exclaim in unison.

"In fact," says Luke, "if anyone from Durex is reading this, yes, you can sponsor the next tour, get in touch with our manager *now.*"

"And have you got anything in extra large?" Benny unwisely chips in to instant derision from every corner of the car. "It was a joke! I never said that! I never said that! Scrub it from the tape!" he pleads.

Sure thing, big boy...

'I've got to get out 'fore I miss the plane
Next summer I'll be back again
I'll be fighting for the Union Jack
If they let me back...'
– 'Englishman On Holiday'

AN HOUR before the show at the Roxy, Thunder are draped around one of the half-moon tables in a reserved booth next door at the Rainbow, where Capitol Records are throwing another meet-an'greet/let's-press-some-flesh party in the band's honour.

This time I'm sharing elbow space with Mark Luckhurst. The last member of Thunder to join the band, Mark received his faintly ludicrous *nom de plume* of 'Snake' after Danny, when first clapping eyes on him, proclaimed, "Yeah, he looks the part. He's got snake-hips. If he can play, he's in."

Prior to joining Thunder, 'Snake' was killing time picking up rent and beer money along with Gary James in a blues band stuck in the pubs and late-nighters of South London. Before that he enjoyed a brief taste of a rather dubious kind of fame with Owen Paul: Mark played bass on Paul's solitary hit, 'You're My Favourite Waste Of Time'.

"I did 'Top Of The Pops' and 'Wogan' and all that stuff," he chortles. "I don't talk about it very often, actually," he smiles sheepishly.

"But yes, you could say it's been my privilege to work alongside, shoulder to shoulder, as it were, some of the truly great names in this business.

"In fact, I'd go so far as to say..."

But 'Snake' never gets a chance to finish what he's saying because just at that moment a creature of quite Amazonian proportions knocks over our drinks with one vicious swish of her tail as she passes by our table. The wind ruffles our eyelashes. Conversation is temporarily suspended.

It's time to leave, anyway. Cautiously but dutifully pressing flesh all the way to the door of the Rainbow, the band cross the alley and enter the Roxy by the side door, then make their way straight upstairs to the dressing room.

Downstairs, the club looks respectably full. They're not jammed in so tight they're swingin' from the rafters, but they're not far off the house-full sign – and the vibe is good.

I get into a little flesh-pressing myself and everywhere I hear the same thing: "I hear they're the best thing outta England since Bad Company". "I hear they're the best thing outta England since Led Zeppelin!" "I hear they're the best thing since Free!"

I can't believe what I'm hearing and hurry away to find a seat and a drink. Thunder are none of those things to

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ROMANCE

FROM PREVIOUZ PAGE

me. Thunder are good enough to stand on their own 10 feet without all the odious comparisons.

I just think they're the hottest thing on in town tonight. And as long as it stays that way I'll always want a ticket...

THE SHOW goes extremely well; New York just a pale memory by comparison. Thunder are nothing if not a great live band and the Roxy doyens eat it up and even ask for more. They don't get it, though.

"No f**kin' encores, not tonight!" Danny splutters in the dressing room after it's over, a sweat-stained towel wrapped tight around bare shoulders.

"Those people out there are all industry types; they don't really want an encore. They've seen the set, they've seen what they came to see. Now they want to have a few drinks and talk about it..."

"Or not talk about it, as the case may be," adds Luke, in passing.

"That's right," agrees Danny. "The real test, though, is going to come when we get a chance to do a proper American tour and get to play to real people; real rock fans. That's the part I'm really looking forward to."

He throws the towel in a corner and accepts a drink from someone, then turns to me and says: "This American journalist said to me the other day, 'How do you think you're gonna fare against all the competition that's out there?' And I said, 'Well, I don't really care about the competition. All I'm bothered about is that we get out chance to deliver, to really show what we can do.

"The point is, we ain't going away. We're just gonna keep comin' back and comin' back until we do it.

"We're gonna be like... you know what it's like when you get a big horrid boil on your bum, and you can't get rid of it? It don't matter what you do – put all the creams on it and everything – it just will not go away? That's what we're gonna be like.

"We're gonna be the boil on the bum of the American rock music business..."

Pic Ross Halfin

"We're big boys, we know the score. America's a vast continent and you just don't happen overnight. It takes work"
– DANNY BOWES

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LIVE AND DANGEROUS!

Pic Joe Giron

STEVE VAI: just one of the guitar maestros featured in next week's FREE photo supplement!

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ELIANNE HALBERSBERG is in conversation with Ozzy Osbourne six-stringer ZAKK WYLDE. "Tell me Zakk," she sez, "what are your thoughts about the new 'Just Say Ozzy' EP?" "I haven't heard it! I don't know anything about it!" quoth the hapless guitar slinger. What's goin' on? How come our hero is into banjo playing and listening to country music? What are his thoughts on AIDS? Is he homophobic? Does he know what the word means? All these questions and more are answered as we put...

ZAKK ON THE RAKK

DESPITE ITS offensive and controversial nature, the incident passed almost unnoticed, and only a paragraph appeared in one US publication reporting Ozzy Osbourne guitarist Zakk Wylde's onstage remark in Long Beach: "I'm tired of those fags taking it up the butt down on Santa Monica Boulevard".

Perhaps this amused a percentage of the Heavy Metal contingent, but the statement itself remains reprehensible, more than a year later.

When Wylde was placed on the interview path, it was essentially to pick up the excess of demands on his boss Osbourne's time. Unfortunately, the guitarist had no knowledge concerning the recently-released 'Just Say Ozzy' EP, little foresight into the next album and, initially, too much to say in defence of his 1989 outburst before an open microphone.

Could you tell me a little about the making of the 'Just Say Ozzy' EP?

"I just got a cassette today. There's one here on the desk. I guess the record company wanted something. I haven't heard it. I don't know what the f**k or anything about it."

Then why are you doing interviews?

"They (his publicists? Managers? Record company?) probably thought I was gonna talk about the new album."

What new album?

"We've demo'd six songs and listened to them to try to decide what to change. We're gonna record seven or eight more, then in three months we'll go in and record."

What can you tell me so far?

"It's totally different. I play piano and it's going to be real funky. It'll be good, something different."

DO YOU feel there is some risk involved in taking a new direction? Ozzy fans are pretty dedicated to one particular sound.

"Not if it's good. If we put out a Paula

getting pissed off, but it's just heavy and groove-oriented, not grinding out riffs.

"Ozzy was saying that aside from piano songs and ballads, he's done it all before. He wants the record to be real good. You won't know what it sounds like until you put it on.

"A lot of bands are predictable. The Beatles, Led Zeppelin, they always changed for the good, they were always interesting to listen to. It gets boring doing the same old stuff. Having said that though, Ozzy's voice will always have *that* sound to it. When he did 'Led Clones' (with Gary Moore) it had nothing to do

KONTINUEZ OVER

***ZAKK WYLDE**: "You don't get Elvis Presley and the Beatles any more"*

Pic Joe Giron

ZAKK

FROM PREVIOUZ PAGE

with Ozzy, but it's still interesting listening to him sing it."

How are you enjoying the recording experience?

"It's more fun because the last record was still in the Ozzy vein, with the Sabbath overtones. Randy (Rhoads, late Ozzy guitarist) made his mark and was original, but when I came in, I carried on from Randy and Jake (E Lee, ex-Ozzy guitarist now with Badlands) and the style hadn't changed at all. All the rockers – you could have heard them on other Ozzy records. If we branch out, then maybe I'll start making my mark."

It sounds as if you're implying that all Ozzy Osbourne records sound alike.

"I don't know. I guess it's up to other people to decide. When I came into Ozzy's band I followed a foundation that was laid and didn't attempt to change it."

DO YOU find success to be kinda overwhelming for you at such a tender young age?

"No, because I don't think I've proved myself. That's why I'm dying for the new record to come out. I'm still frustrated.

Could you give me more details about the demos?

"Any guy who fks a guy up the ass, then f**ks a chick – that's not right with me"**

"They're just totally heavy Funk Metal. It has nothing to do with the blues rock that's out there. A million bands want to be Guns N' Roses. I never listened to Aerosmith like a lot of people my age so it doesn't sound like that. Aerosmith and Guns N' Roses are at the top and the best at what they do and everyone else is in between.

"I was into Black Sabbath and never into Aerosmith or the Rolling Stones. I can listen to them now and think it's great, but I'm more into Lynyrd Skynyrd and the Allman Brothers, stuff like that. And you write the kinda songs you'd like to hear. It would be a cop-out to copy Guns N' Roses. This is Ozzy. I'm totally into Southern music, but you can't put 'Sweet Home Alabama' on an Ozzy record."

How has your life changed since joining Ozzy?

"I just did a lot of growing up. I still hang with my old buddies and do the same old thing."

All of Ozzy's guitarists have become 'guitar heroes'. Do you foresee the same for yourself?

"I gotta prove myself yet. The last record was good and now Ozzy knows what I'm about, what I sound like and what I want to be. Any guitarist wants recognition. If you spend all day working on something, you want to be recognised for your efforts."

What makes a good guitarist?

"Style, a certain sound, y'know? I still practice a lot and I've started taking banjo lessons. It's a different thing to do. I play country guitar, Ricky Skaggs type, and banjo puts me in a different frame of mind. A lot of people get stale playing the same music. My girlfriend doesn't understand. She think it's embarrassing."

A LOT OF people your age would never listen to country music. Do you think they're cutting themselves off by not opening their minds?

"When I was 14, I listened to Black Sabbath and nothing else. I'd have said, 'Go f**k yourself' if anyone told me I was cutting myself off musically. Live and learn, that's how you grow. It just takes time, but that's the best way for it to happen – when you want to listen to something."

What's the next step with the new LP?

"We'll record in summer, it'll come out in the autumn and then we'll tour."

How does your approach to playing change from the studio to the stage?

"It doesn't. It's the same thing."

Any validity to the Ozzy retirement rumours?

ZAKK ONSTAGE at the Moscow Peace Festival, August 1989

Pic George Chin

"He doesn't want to tour any more, just make records."

What becomes of you at that point?

"I'll end up going on doing my own thing, but I'll always record with him. I'll tour with my thing and do what I've got to do. It'll just be more of a challenge, gets you more psyched."

Has success changed you?

"No. I don't feel successful yet, maybe that's why. Once I play what I'm happy with, I'll feel successful. I'm content with what we got on record, but I want to show the world what we can do, same as any other guitarist. Just wait 'til our next record – every dog has his day."

ARE YOU satisfied with what seems to be going on in the Heavy Metal music scene these days?

"There's a lot of great music out there, but look at how huge Guns N' Roses are – they are the biggest thing. Van Halen will go down as a legendary band, but Guns N' Roses are so massive. You don't get Elvis and the Beatles any more. Guns N' Roses are the biggest thing now. It's all been done. Nothing is shocking any more. It's a matter of putting out something good. It's not the crap of drugs, bad boys, getting thrown in jail. It's Guns N' Roses music, regardless of whether they're cool."

Hmmmmm.....

"Oh, you think they suck!"

"I'm totally into Southern music, but you can't put 'Sweet Home Alabama' on an Ozzy record. I've started taking banjo lessons. It's a different thing to do. My girlfriend doesn't understand. She thinks it's embarrassing..."

No, I don't. But now when I hear their name, I can't help it, I think of 'One In A Million' and I get pissed off.

"Ha-ha-ha!"

And you're not innocent in that department, either! Correct?

"All I said was, 'I hope everyone has a good night' and I got in a whole bunch of trouble!"

Perhaps this is your chance to clear it up. Are you homophobic?

"I didn't think of it that way but... I don't want to hurt anybody. I just said it as a joke as opposed to hurting anybody. What's homophobic? Fear of homos?"

You're doing it again.

"I watched this show called 'COPS' the other day, where they follow the police with cameras. The cops were on Santa Monica Boulevard busting prostitutes and getting guys who did tricks.

"The cops were in limos and they can only arrest the guy if he takes the money. They arrested a guy who'd just gotten out of jail. He'd been on the streets for 10 minutes. He had AIDS and knew it. It bugs me if gays have AIDS and go around spreading it. That's not right."

ARE YOU not aware that AIDS is also spread by heterosexuals? There are women giving to men, women who caught it from their lovers. It only takes one time.

"Any guy who f**ks up the ass, then f**ks a chick – that's not right with me."

There are plenty of heterosexuals engaging in that type of behaviour as well. Besides, sex is not the only way AIDS is spread.

"It's more dominant in the f**king homo thing."

This is getting worse instead of better.

"I don't mean it like that! I know somebody whose uncle is gay and he's the nicest guy in the world!"

And some of your best friends are women, right? And sure, you'd let a black person move into your neighbourhood, right?

"I have nothing... the whole thing... I ain't on anybody, but things piss me off. What I said onstage at Long Beach – it was stupid and I shouldn't have said it. What anybody wants to do is none of my business."

That's all I wanted to hear you say. Back to Ozzy! As a long-time Sabbath fan, his reunion with Geezer must be pretty exciting for you.

"Definitely! If I was in the audience, I'd be getting off! It's great."

Were you intimidated about working with both of them?

"After a while, you don't notice. When I first met Ozzy, it was mental, but it wears off after a while. You realise nothing's bigger than life. It's not like when you're 17 and starstruck and would stumble on your words."

So now you're making an album with your idols!

"Well, demos right now. We'll re-record everything, then listen to it for a bit, cut things, change them. It makes such a difference to hear what it really sounds like.

"In rehearsal, we turn on the ghetto blaster and record and it all sounds terrible, but we've got it on tape so we don't forget it..."

Ghetto-blaster – isn't that a racist term?

"Oh, brother!"

ZAKK AND boss-man: "When I first met Ozzy it was mental," claims the guitarist

Pic Mark Weiss

KOMMUNIKATION

AGAINST THE FAITH

AFTER ATTENDING the recent Faith No More gig at the Top Hat in Dublin, I think I can safely say I will never attend a Faith No More gig again.

Who the f**k do Faith No More think they are by putting their fans out the way they did in Dublin. The gig was put back to 10.30 because, would you believe, they were doing 'Top of the Pops'. This meant that I, along with most of the crowd I'm sure, was not going to get to see the whole show because the last bus or train leaves at 11.30.

When they eventually graced us with their presence, they needn't have bothered. For a start the sound engineer must have had his head up his arse because I have never heard such abysmal sound at a gig in my life. Mike Patton hardly bothered to sing into the microphone at all and as for Jim Martin's guitar sound; does anybody remember Spinal Tap's gig in the Air Force Base? The band just didn't seem to care at all. It was plain to see that they would have preferred to be somewhere else altogether.

I had to leave, with a couple of friends, after only 30 poxy minutes because I wanted to get home that night. I was disgusted at the waste of £8.50 but more disappointed than anything else in Faith No More.

If 'Top of the Pops' means more to Faith No More than their fans do then they can f**k off and stay away from Dublin the next time they decide to tour. I wonder if the situation would have been the same if it was London or some other bigger gig instead of Dublin. I think not. **Tony, Dublin.**

KEEPIN' THE FAITH

I WOULD like to thank Faith No More for the excellent sold-out concert that they put on at the Barrowlands in Glasgow. But it made me realise just how dangerous stage diving can be. I was fortunate (?) enough to get right down to the front at the barrier (after five and a half hours of queueing outside.) But the show was slightly ruined for me by some idiot landing on top of my head whilst trying to stage dive, and in doing so he slammed my face against the barrier, which caused my nose to bleed and swell up.

Why do people stage dive? Do they not think about the accidents they could cause by doing this?

Though in saying this the bouncers were really good and tried (as much as they could) to stop anymore divers landing on my head. Also, I would like to thank the band for showing obvious concern for us down at the front.

Mike Patton proved himself to be a brilliant frontman and the band proved themselves to be talented musicians. Even though I nearly broke my nose the band confirmed my beliefs that they are still my favourite group and always will be. **Claire 'Mike Patton's Earplugs', Esplin.**

PS Thanks to Roddy for his autograph.

SHY CLEAR OF 'EM!

I AM writing in both disgust and sadness at the attitude of Tony Mills of Shy. I represent a group of ten people who have just returned from the London Astoria (April 13) where we was subjected to a string of verbal abuse from the stage, having spent a considerable amount of money getting there and getting in.

During the gig we shouted out for a couple of old Shy tracks. Tony Mills replied to our enthusiasm "Shut the f**k up". After explaining to him that we had bought all their albums and seen them many times he dismissed us by saying "We've got your money so that's what counts!"

It comes as no surprise to us that Shy draw such small crowds if this is how Tony Mills treats the handful of fans they do have.

Do the rest of the band a favour Tony and take heed of your own advice. Shut the f**k up! **From ten disappointed ex-Shy fans.**

MISTAKEN I(CE)-DENDITY

JUST A quick line to point out a glaring error in the W Axl Rose interview (ish 286). Ice T is *not* the bloke who left NWA, that's Ice *Cube* and a more thoroughly obnoxious character you couldn't wish to meet. Ice T is an LA rapper, who has his own record label and production company – and though he's pretty outspoken and sure ain't no angel he speaks a lotta sense if you think about what he says. OK?

Also thanks for the Great White feature – very underrated and criminally under-promoted over here. I wouldn't have realised how good Great White are, if I hadn't won their live bootleg LP in a competition – (thanks Krusher!) – 'House of Broken Dreams' would have been huge if it had got more (any?) airplay. **Jen Allen, Henfield, Sussex.**

HAIR-RAISING!

WITH REFERENCE to the short haired guy who wrote in (ish 286) sulking about not being able to bog off with chicks because of his hair. Why doesn't the prat take a look in his *Kerrang!*? How many band members can he see with short hair... not very f**king many! Therefore you don't have to be too gifted to realise why chicks like long hair.

As for not being able to get a decent job with long hair? Bollocks! No interviewer will just say "Sorry your hair's too long, goodbye." That's bullshit, you always have a chance to speak, and if you're good enough at your job and confident enough, it's a pushover to turn around his/her first impressions. That goes for kids already in jobs who have to put up with bosses bitchin' about the length of their hair, go for a few interviews, get offered a new job

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and then tell the old boss to shut the f**k up or you're leaving. Easy, you may even get more cash out of it.

Stop being a wimp and grow your f**king hair. The longer you short haired dicks keep going to rock clubs the more chicks there's gonna be for me to f**k. **Carl (Anybody with short hair can eat shit) Cougar, Lancashire.**

ACID DIVE

I RECENTLY went to see Acid Reign at the Marquee, and with them being one of my favourite bands, I decided to place myself at the very front, against the stage.

I have written to complain as I was appalled at the 'stagediving'. Don't get me wrong, I have nothing against diving, but at Acid Reign it was simply ridiculous. Proper Divers should get onto the stage then jump straight away, making sure to clear the first few rows and into the real 'Pit' area.

Not as is the case with the majority of divers, who seemed to be short-haired 14 year olds wearing Iron Maiden t-shirts who simply did not know how to dive! They would wait on the stage for a few minutes then just fall into the front rows – I am now covered in bruises and I virtually broke my arm trying to shield myself from the stupid wankers!

Both singer H and guitarist Kev were taking the piss out of these people, and as H quite rightly said, the audience didn't go to the trouble of paying a £5 entrance fee to see the other half of the audience on stage!

Either diving should stop, or people should learn how to react and do it properly!

Apart from that, Acid Reign put on a bloody good show and played like the true professionals they are. **Lawrence Werrett, Kingswood, Surrey.**

TREND-BENDERS

WHY THE f**k are you lot down 'trendies' so much? I'm a 'trendy' myself, but I like most Metal bands ie Megadeth, Metallica, Wolfsbane, Skid Row etc, and Funk Metal bands Faith No More and Red Hot Chili Peppers, which are the greatest thing to happen to Metal. I can't have long hair otherwise I'd lose my job, but just because I've got a centre-parting, it doesn't mean I'm a f**king wimp for god's sake! I've been to two FNM gigs this year and both times I've received funny looks and nasty comments, and I'm sick of it. Let's not have any more at the Metallica gig on May 25th or any others I go to. If you want to take the piss out of anyone take it out of Glamsters, the assholes who wear lipstick and play shit music. So c'mon, leave me alone to enjoy the music. **Dave 'The pissed off Trendy/Metal fan'.**

POTATO-BACK

I thought you might like this newspaper cutting about Sebastian Bach from Skid Row, writing music for potatoes!

From a pissed off rock fan.

TO SPLIT, OR NOT TO SPLIT?

I CAN take it no longer. I have waited four f**king weeks to see if you would print a follow up article on the 'supposed' Bon Jovi split – and now, I know why you haven't.

It was a cruel publicity stunt that caused me, my mate and 1,000's of others deep distress.

So *Kerrang!* – you bunch of tossers, either print an apology or f**k off. **Unsincerely Jon Bon Jovi's 'pissed off' right bollock.**

Our Bon Jovi split story was not a wind-up. Obviously time will tell if the band will ever perform on stage again, but we have serious doubts. Watch this space! – Ed

NO AX(L) TO GRIND

I KNOW this is very probably a controversial subject, but what is W Axl Rose's problem? As far as I can see, he spends all his time starting vendettas with other Metal bands.

I'm in no position to say who's fault the fight at the MTV awards last year was, but does he have to be so aggressive? I mean, "whichever way you wanna go, man; guns, knives or fists, whatever you wanna do, I don't care." (Ish 286). Hardly in keeping with the peace 'n' love ethic everyone's promoting now, is it? this feud is just another masturbatory exercise for him. Everyone has to apologise to him (Bowie, Vince Neil...); Jeez, this guy has an ego bigger than... than... Actually, maybe there isn't anything bigger!

Don't get me wrong, I'm not knocking Guns N' Roses as a band, when they get going there ain't no-one does it better ('cept Aerosmith!), but Axl, however good a vocalist he is, should try and curb his megalomania before it destroys him. If the fight to the death between him and Vince Neil does take place and Axl does manage to take Vince with him as he said he would, it would be a great pity. To lose two such innovative musicians would be the greatest tragedy to hit the Metal world since the death of Bon Scott. **Rat, Oxford.**

DID YOU KNOW? JOHANN Sebastian Bach wrote a special piece of music in honour of the potato.

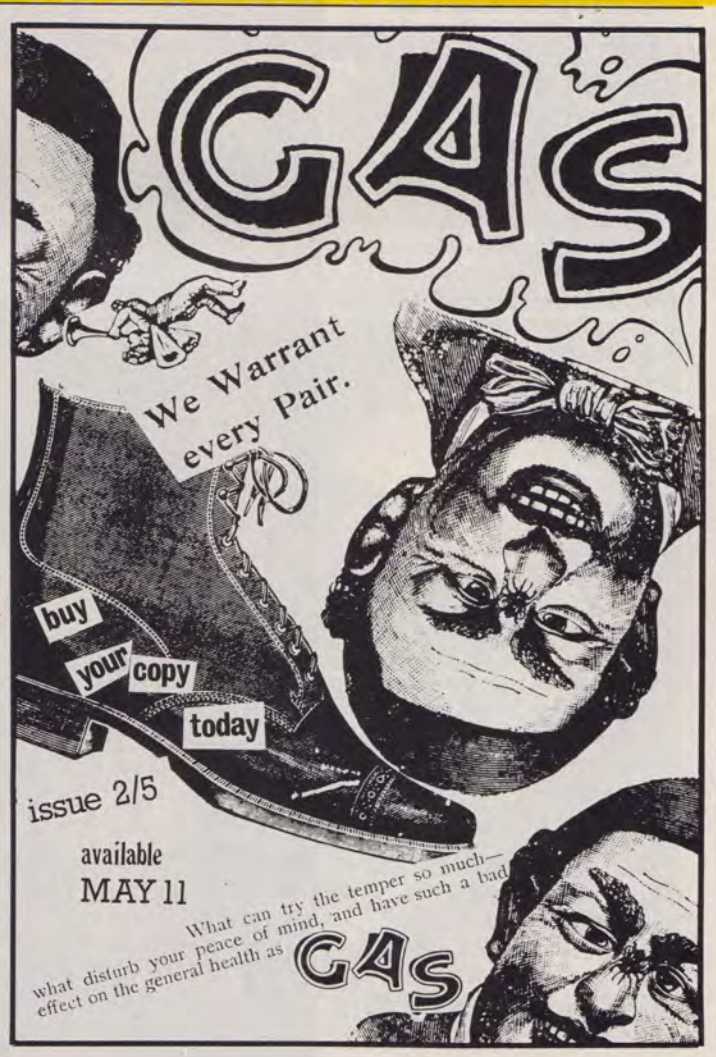
NAPALM DEATH 'POOFS'?

ME AND my friend were reading one of my brother's *Kerrang!* magazine the other day, but we don't know why we bothered.

All it contains is a load of long haired poofs like Tigertailz and Napalm Death who sound the same as each other anyway *(?! – Ed).* We get 'Just Seventeen' every week and think it's great. At least the people featured in there can actually play music, like Black Box and Technotronic. In fact we don't know why you publish *Kerrang!* at all because most of the morons who buy it probably can't even read. They just buy it for the pictures. **From two 'proper' music fans. Nicola and Danielle (Aged 15 and 16, Norfolk).**

BACK ROOM BOY

ANYTHING I added would be superfluous to requirement! ***Michael Carter, Waterford, Ireland.***



STRAIGHT TALK WITH DEANNA ADLER

■ HI, MY NAME is **Deanna Adler**. If the 'Adler' part sounds familiar, it's because my son is **Steven Adler** of **Guns N' Roses**, the best drummer in the Heavy Metal field today. (Can I be prejudiced?)

This is the first of a series of regular weekly advice columns I'm going to be writing for *Kerrang!*. I want to really tell you kids out there the truth. When someone writes in and wants advice, I don't want to be nice and sweet about it, I want to be honest and straight. Tell it like it really is. Which is why this column is called **'Straight Talk With Deanna Adler'**.

Believe me, after raising three sons with completely different personalities and living through it, I feel I am well qualified!

Please send your letters to: **Straight Talk With Deanna Adler, PO Box 7776, Northridge, CA 91327, USA.** For a personal reply, please include a self-addressed stamped envelope.

GN'R DRUMMER Steven Adler and (inset) mom Deanna

Pic Robert John/Vereecke

NEW KID ON THE BLOCK

DEAR DEANNA:

I'm 15 years old and I've just moved into a new house in a new area.

I've met these really cool kids and we have a lot in common. Last week I was hanging out with them and they started smoking some pot.

They asked me if I wanted some and I said no, maybe later. I finally smoked some. I was really messed up and I don't know what to do. I enjoyed it, but I know it's bad for me. I don't know if I should hang out with this crowd. ***Confused***

Dear Confused: Here you are in a new home, meeting new friends. It's cool that you like these guys and that you have a lot in common. But don't feel pressured to do drugs. No-one forces you – and if they do force you, they are not your friends. At age 15 you should know right from wrong, and I think you do. Good luck.

THE DATING GAME

DEAR DEANNA:

I'm 13 years old and have a great life... except when it comes to girls. What is the age limit for dating? There is an 18 year old girl who keeps giving me the eye whenever I see her. I know she wants me to take her out. What should I do? ***Perplexed***

Dear Perplexed: First off, this girl must be crazed. What does she want with a 13 year old boy? She must have a few screws loose. Do yourself a favour and stick with girls your own age.

Don't be in a hurry to grow up.

DRINK PROBLEM

DEAR DEANNA:

I am a 14 year old boy and all my friends are into drinking and smoking pot. Every time I go to a party there's lots of beer and wine. I'm not into drugs and I don't want to drink.

Lately my friends have been calling me sissy and baby. What should I do? I'm all mixed up. ***Peer Pressure***

Dear Peer Pressure: Sounds like that's the problem: peer pressure. Please find a new set of friends. There are plenty of kids who don't do drugs or drink. You sound like a smart young man. No-one can make you do something you don't want to do. I'd be very proud if you were my son. Good luck and keep in touch.

HOME IS WHERE THE HEART IS

DEAR DEANNA:

My parents are giving me big problems. They think I'm on drugs. I keep telling them that I am not. They want me out of the house. I know I cannot make it on my own. I love my parents and do no want to leave. Please help me. ***Sammy***

Dear Sammy: Sounds like a lack of communication.

What have you said or done to make your parents think you are on drugs? Please sit down with them and talk and be honest with them. Tell them to take you to the nearest clinic and have you tested.

Believe me, your parents only want the best for you. Show them they are wrong in their thoughts.

IN THE NAVY

DEAR DEANNA:

This problem is about a friend of mine called Jeff.

His dad died when Jeff was three years old. His mother is a gambler and doesn't care about what Jeff does. She isn't bothered where he goes, or with whom.

Jeff's alone and confused. He wants to quit school. I told him he should join the Navy. I think that's the answer to his problem. What do you think? ***Matt***

Dear Matt: You sound like a good friend. Maybe going into the Navy would be a good idea for Jeff. He could continue his eduction and make a new life for himself.

It's a terrible feeling to know that no-one cares for you. Here is a young man who lost his dad when he was three years old who has a mother that doesn't care. I don't blame him for being scared. If not the Navy, maybe a trade school would be good. A person with a trade can always find a job. Tell Jeff I wish him well.

POLICE AND THIEVES

DEAR DEANNA:

Last night I met up with a bunch of guys and we went to Lisa's house. She is a 12 year old. My friends are all 15 and 16 years old.

Anyway, Lisa's parents are

divorced and she lives with her dad who is a drug dealer. He wasn't home so Lisa went into the bedroom with one of the guys and the rest of my friends started stealing things. I got scared and left.

When the father came home he discovered that some drugs were missing. He can't call the police as he deals in drugs. Now, he's threatening to kill whoever was in the house while he was out.

I'm scared. What should I do? *Robert*

Dear Robert: First of all you better find some new friends. Second, stay away from Lisa's house. Third, tell your parents about what happened as you don't want someone else telling them. This way they won't go into shock if the police show up on your door step.

What are 15 and 16 year old boys doing over a 12 year old girl's house anyway? I'm sure you and your friends can find girls your own age.

By the way, I can't imagine, or maybe I can, what this girl will be like when she reaches 16. Time will tell.

Good luck.

LOVE ROCKER

DEAR DEANNA:

I am 18 years old and in love with a guy who is in a rock band.

My problem is that my guy says he loves me more than his band, but sometimes he cancels out on me because he says he has to go home and practice. He gets so angry with me and starts to yell when I ask him to stay.

Please tell me what to do. I love him so much. *Hurt And In Love*

Dear Hurt And In Love: Sounds like you have a one-sided relationship. Get rid of this guy and find someone who really appreciates you. You are 18 years old and will be 'in love' 100 times more before you are 21. Anyway, you are too young to be tied down. Enjoy life.

METAL MISUNDERSTANDING

DEAR DEANNA:

I'm a guy age 15. I love Metal so much, but my parents don't understand. They keep telling me that the music makes you into an evil person. They don't know what they're talking about. HM is just another kind of music.

I'm so sick of them yelling at me every time I turn on the radio. How can I make my parents understand? *Depressed.*

Dear Depressed: It's hard to make your parents understand. I know that when I was a teenager my parents thought rock 'n' roll and Elvis Presley were evil.

Every generation has music that a child's parents can't relate to. When you have children you'll probably say the same thing about *their* music!

Instead of getting angry, just enjoy your music and show your parents that you are a good son to them.

ONE STEP AT A TIME

DEAR DEANNA:

I am 14 years old and have been in love with my step-brother for the past two years. We don't live together, but we see each other all the time.

My step-brother is 16. Now he wants to go all the way. I want to say yes, but I wind up saying no. I'm not sure if he loves me. What should I do? *Mixed Up*

Dear Mixed Up: Sounds like you know right from wrong. At 14 years old, you and your stepbrother have a lot to learn. Keep on saying no. You have your whole life ahead of you. When the right young man comes along you'll know.

BOAST OF THE TOWN

DEAR DEANNA:

I have this friend who has such a terrible attitude.

I like hanging out with him cos when it's just the two of us he's OK. But once someone joins us, he begins to brag and make fun of people behind their backs.

One of these days he's going to be in big trouble. *David*

Dear David: Your friend sounds like he is really very insecure about himself.

The only thing that will straighten him out and make him stop talking about people behind their backs is when someone beats the shit out of him. Then maybe he'll stop. If you can't say anything nice about someone, don't say anything at all.

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KINGS OF THE WILD FRONTIER

12 years since the demise of legendary 'Metallic proto-punk' band the Dictators, three of the original crew are 'ready to jump back in the ring again' in the form of a band called MANITOBA'S WILD KINGDOM, fronted by none other than wrestling fanatic and all-round wild man 'HANDSOME' DICK MANITOBA himself, back to 'give the rock world a well-deserved body slam'. MIKE GITTER is the man in a headlock

TWELVE YEARS on and Dictator 'Handsome' Dick Manitoba, *né* Richard Blum, is still offering tongue in cheek paeans to cars, girls, Chinese food, burgers, quaaludes and, most importantly, pro-wrestling.

"Wrestling is my litmus test to tell if you're a jerk or not," he reflects before popping a copy of the anxiously awaited 'Wrestle Mania Six' into a nearby VCR. The sounds of body slamming, knee drops, the thunder and glory of the mat fill the room. Dick's cat, the Fabulous Moolah, is mesmerized.

He continues. "If they go, 'You like that stuff? That's phoney!', then they're a jerk. If you don't like wrestling then you've got no sense of humour, no little kid left in you. Wrestling's just like rock 'n' roll – you can be anyone you want to be, you can act any way you want.

"I can't imagine watching tennis or golf. However interesting someone like John McEnroe might be, King Kong Bundy is a million times more fascinating!"

In another life, 'Handsome' Dick would have been a pro-wrestler. He would have been every bit the self-adulating chest beater, the comic book villain, the hot air merchant, the braggart. Instead, rock 'n' roll seemed a wiser, certainly healthier occupation, with basically the same intent and, in Dick's case, virtually the same result.

WITNESS THE POWER OF MANITOBA! KNOW THE SPIRIT OF PRO-WRESTLING! All things said and done, the Dictators will go down in history as the band that wrestled their way 'round the turnbuckle of rock 'n' roll.

A band that implicitly knew the value of *confrontation*, five smart-ass know-it-alls from the Bronx that bridged the gap between the New York Dolls and the Ramones, pre-dating both the New York punk explosion of the mid to late '70s and the successive British invasion. They knew wrestling like the Beach Boys knew surfing... only better.

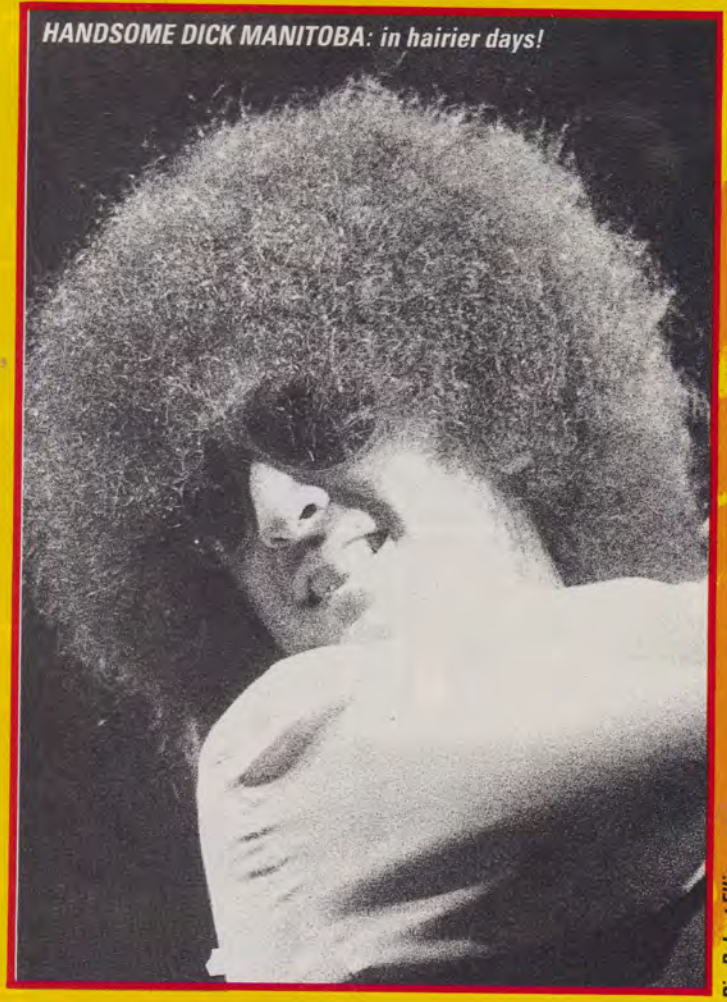
They brought their 'Master Race Rock' to the masses. The attitude of Freddie Blassie, Killer Kowalski and Stan 'The Man' Stasiak wrapped up in the heppest, wildest licks that every generation of Big Apple rocker will get down and tongue the crud between Dick's toes for.

They posed a threat brought to the fore with three criminally underrated and shamefully out of print albums: 'Go Girl Crazy' (1975), 'Manifest Destiny' (1976) and 'Bloodbrothers' (1978). Smart-ass Metallic proto-punk, the spiritual successor of Detroit's MC5/Stooges shibboleth and the ultimate dumb/hip suburban garage cool, the 'Tators beat everyone to the punch while the Ramones and the Pistols got all the credit.

"We were like some three-headed monster back then," recounts Dick, "and only now I think we're getting the credit we deserve... 12 years after the fact! The whole thing was completely unselfconscious; just a bunch of wise-ass New York guys hanging out upstate that just wanted to do the coolest thing in the world – be members of a rock 'n' roll band!

"We weren't out to start any movements, further any causes or anything like that. In fact, I started out as the roadie who would get drunk, run onstage and sing 'Wild Thing'. I was useless for anything else so they made me the singer!

"In college I failed music so I knew I could make it as a rock 'n' roll star."



HANDSOME DICK MANITOBA: in hairier days!

Pic Robert Ellis

BY THE late '70s, the Dictators called it a day. From New York's then-ruling art school/CBGB's set they were met with indifference, often open resentment, stemming from Manitoba's well-publicized drunken sparring session with transvestite rocker Wayne County.

They were ostracized, cast out of the scene. Business wasn't exactly booming either as executives at their then-current label, Elektra, wondered who was crazier, the Dictators or the A&R man that signed them?

They disintegrated; guitarist Ross 'The Boss' Funicello strapped on a loin cloth and formed Manowar with certified nutcase Joey DeMaio, bassist Mark 'The Animal' Mendoza joined Twisted Sister, and guitarist Scott Kempner formed the Del Lords.

Richard had demons to exorcise.

"To capsulize the late '70s through the '80s," he recounts, "I took the decade off to get my head together. I was living with this girl who was the worst kind of femme fatale to live with, and me, being heavily into heroin, pills, coke and dope, didn't exactly help matters either. Yes, folks, it's another one of those boring clean-up stories...

"A lot of my self-esteem was tied into the band. It was who I was, and when we lost the sheer overdrive to be the Dictators, I felt like I had nothing except this girl who

only knew how to stick a needle in my arm."

Some 30 pounds lighter, a decade smarter and just as rude, disgusting (and proud of it) as ever, Manitoba's back! Now a sworn tee-totaller, he's put them demons in a hammerlock, pinned 'em to the ground and grabbed the rock 'n' roll equivalent of the WWF belt, ie. legendary status.

All it took were a couple of sold-out Dictators reunion gigs in the mid-'80s for Dick to catch the performing bug again. Reuniting the heart and soul of the 'Tators, himself and bassist/songwriter Adny Shernoff, they formed the first incarnation of Manitoba's Wild Kingdom, a quest to recapture the bombastic grandeur of yesteryear.

Adny brought in drummer JP 'Thunderbolt' Patterson, a cohort of his post-Dictators days "gigging around the hippy part of town". Former Shrapnel leader (now producer par excellence) Daniel Rey filled the guitar slot before heading off to twiddle the knobs for the Ramones, Circus Of Power, White Zombie, etc.

And fresh from Joey DeMaio's homoerotic nightmare, having tried and failed with a bluesier, post-Manowar project, the Pack, Ross Funicello came to his senses and took the vacated axeman's spot. The Boss was back! 60 per cent of the classic tag team were ready to jump in the ring again.

"It didn't get me hard anymore," states Ross, who has arrived late for 'Wrestle Mania'. "It just came down to all the right reasons to leave a band; serious differences over image and where I thought we were heading. Things were taking themselves far too seriously, Manowar losing whatever tongue in cheek sense of humour it had when we started the band. Plus, I wasn't contributing like I did in the old days when Joey and I split the songwriting right down the middle."

Dick: "I hated that band. It became like a Muhammad Ali that couldn't fight."

HAVING REASSEMBLED the chief components of the Dictators, Ross being the needle-load of steroids that Dick and Adny were searching for, the group headed into the studio to record material that had been kicking around their twisted brains since the 'Tators' untimely demise. The result: '...And You?', a wild collision of animalistic guitar crunch, hum-along rifferama and completely bonkers lyrical content. It might as well be the fourth Dictators album.

"It *is* the next Dictators album," Dick stresses. "It's just that we've had a few more years of life to draw from. It's better focused, a little more intense, but not without the Dictators sense of humour. It's a bit more modernized, has some Speed Metallish guitar playing, but what sets us apart is that it's all delivered in a pop format.

"We're not a pop band but there is a heart of pop in there. The structure of the songs is remarkably pop. That's the sort of thing we grew up on – but, truth is, I don't sing like Eric Carmen, Adny writes these totally aardvark lyrics and Ross doesn't play like Tom Scholz."

Like any of Dick and Adny's previous collaborations, '...And You?' bears out the 'Tators' legacy of rock 'n' roll as a celebration of anti-intellectual cool. 'The Party Starts Now' seems the perfect brew-spewing joybuzzer handshake, whilst 'Haircut And Attitude' spews forth the first great one-liner of the decade: *'It don't take no melody to make some music history.'*

"You don't need to be Pavarotti to get up there and do your thing," explains the Handsome one. "Just learn to play an instrument a little, get an attitude and – wholla! You're on your way.

"We've got the best version of 'New York, New York' ever done, even better than Frank Sinatra's. This city's like a woman; when you love her, it's amazing. When you hate her, you just want to strangle her. It's the funniest 24 hour a day, total indulgence place around. It's also filthy, drug ridden and disgusting. I love it."

MANITOBA'S WILD KINGDOM: coming out fighting!

'Handsome' Dick blurts out amidst the smashing rhythms and fiery guitars of 'Fired Up', *'This is my life, it's not a phase!'*. How many times have you heard that before? In Dick's case, it's true.

"I'll watch 'Headbanger's Ball' and it continually astounds me how similar and how full of shit a lot of these bands with long blond hair and a million tattoos really are," he mentions. "They aren't bad boys – someone like Jerry Lee Lewis was. It's come down to the business of rebellion, the packaging and marketing of rebellion. I'm not saying I'm total rebel or a real bad boy, but I will say that I've got a couple years on most of these guys and I know I'm for real".

And it's a sure bet that Manitoba's Wild Kingdom will never be marketed on their svelte builds and stunning good looks.

"No, that's true, but I wouldn't mind getting at least a couple girls to show up at our shows!" says Dick. "I'm the kind of guy that girls fall in love with after they get to know me for a few months. Actually, that's not totally true. If you like that dark, ethnic, Jewish look, we might be the band. I also tend to put a lot of people off because I tend to be so obnoxious!

"I'm also hard to figure out. I'm both liberal and conservative, like I'm possessed by two different devils... (like Linda Blair in 'The Exorcist'). They're in here with us! Sometimes deep down I'm a left-wing radical, overthrow the government kinda guy but, on the other hand, I think some of these people should get their asses kicked for wanting to overthrow the government. It all depends on what side of the bed I wake up on."

Like it or not, Manitoba's back to give the road works a well-deserved body slam. Is the world ready for Manitoba?

"Who knows? We've got some glory to grab, some vengeance to wreak. THE WORLD WILL FINALLY KNOW THE POWER OF MANITOBA!"

Somewhere the Grand Wizard Of Wrestling is smiling.

THE MUNCH BUNCH

The recently-opened Marquee Café is proving a popular meeting 'n' eating place for London's boozers, kroozers and three-time loozers. EL ROSE links up with a bunch of obscure rockin' reprobates and visits the caff to sample the menu. (She's partial to the taste of cardboard)

WE'VE ALL been there. It's that nightmare moment when you emerge from a gig starving hungry and you're forced to make THAT choice: dare you dice with death and scoff a grease-encrusted portion of Southern Fried Rat (with large fries and a strawberry shake)?

It's really no choice at all: the Southern Fried Rat takeaway is the only place open at such a dreaded hour of the night. It's a case of eat Rat or starve.

Wouldn't it be nice if there was a place where you could sit down and get a decent meal and a beer at midnight?

They said it couldn't be done. But now it *has*, and it's all down to those awfully nice people at London's Marquee Club, who recently opened their own imaginatively-titled Marquee Café.

Clever, eh?

Now there is an old saying that there's no such thing as a free lunch. We at *Kerrang!*, having little (indeed, *no)* respect for such old wives' tales, beg to differ – and to prove our point we assembled a crew of folks, all known for their performances at the bar (and occasionally on the stage) at the Marquee Club and descended on the Café for a bite to eat.

It wasn't our fault, Egon Ronay was unavoidably detained. Instead we had to settle for H from Acid Reign, Mickey from the Red Dogs, Maggot from Jezebelle and Stevie from the Kill City Dragons. Billy from the Dragons just gatecrashed. There's always one, isn't there?

We let Billy stay after he whimpered that he hadn't eaten for the week. Our problem is that we're just too soft.

Having prised them away from the Café's bar where Maggot was making everyone's life hell inventing cocktails, we got down to the serious business of eating.

Mickey finished off his Chinese Chicken Salad in about 30 seconds flat. Whether this was because he was hungry or because he had to leave for Cardiff to play a gig remains uncertain.

"Very nice," was his considered opinion, "though too much ginger." With this he left, taking half of Maggot's lunch with him.

Maggot, as the token vegetarian, was eating Bean Cakes (or trying to). They tasted better than they sounded.

H wanted to know if his cheeseburger was supposed to taste better because of the guitars hanging from the roof of the Café, but gave it the thumbs up anyway.

We weren't sure what Stevie had. We think it was chili, but there was no one left in the Café to ask. Whatever it was, it got top marks.

Billy forgot to mention he was a vegetarian so we never did get to find out what his fish cakes were like.

Our stomachs full, Billy and Maggot made special mention of the excellent toilets (and why not?) and we all disappeared home to bed...

(The Marquee Café is situated at 20 Greek Street, London W1. Telephone 01-287 3346. Open Monday to Saturday noon to 3pm and 6pm to 3am.)

THE SCOFFIN' scene at the Marquee Café. The 'Good Food Guide' was never like this...

TADIEL
SOAV

WEEK IN METAL

Archive anarchy by Andy Boot

Pic Ray Palmer

TRACEY LAMB: goodbye to a Rock Goddess (1983)

1970
Shurely shome mishtake – after announcing that **Steve Howe** joined **Yes** last week, it's only now announced that **Pete Banks** (the previous guitarist) has quit! **Peter Green** leaves **Fleetwood Mac**. **Stray** release their eponymous debut. **Earl Hooker** dies at 40. **Jim Morrison** is acquitted of indecently assaulting an air hostess.

1971
There are riots at **Free**'s **Tokyo** gig: they have to play three encores to quell the audience, while outside kids are still queueing around the block.

1972
Les Harvey, guitarist with **Stone The Crows** (and **Alex**'s brother) dies after being electrocuted onstage in Cardiff. A potentially great blues/rock talent cruelly snuffed at 25. **Free** release **'Free At Last'**. **Wishbone Ash** release **'Argus'**.

1973
Maggie Bell quits **Stone The Crows** to go solo. She was **Les Harvey**'s girlfriend, and despite carrying on with **Jimmy McCulloch** as guitarist, I guess things were never the same. **Geordie** cancel gigs as **Brian Johnson** collapses onstage with exhaustion. **Uriah Heep** release a live LP, **Wishbone Ash** release **'Four'**, and **Yes** release **'Yessongs'**.

1974
The **Troggs**' **Rick Moore** is stabbed and the rest of the band beaten up by **Hell's Angels** after a gig in **Farnborough**! **Arthur Crudup** (the blueser who wrote **Elvis**' **'That's Alright Mama'**) dies of a heart attack at 61. **Budgie** go **'In For The Kill'**, and **Elf** (featuring **Ronnie James Dio**) release **'Carolina Country Ball'**.

1975
The **New York Dolls** and the **Allman Brothers Band** split. **Mott The Hoople** revamp as **Mott** with new singer **Nigel Benjamin**, and new guitarist **Ray Major**.

1976
Babe Ruth release **'Kids Stuff'**, the first with new singer **Ellie Hope**. Will **Peter Green** rejoin **Fleetwood Mac**? The **Ramones** eponymous debut emerges, while **Jethro Tull** are **'Too Old To Rock 'N' Roll, Too Young To Die'**, and **Baker Gurvitz Army** have **'Hearts Of Fire'**.

1977
Ten Years After are reforming, and recording an LP for CBS. **UFO** tour. **Heart** sign to Portrait and release **'Dreamboat Annie'** on 45. **David Coverdale** releases a solo LP called **'White Snake'**.

1978
Trapeze and **Blue Öyster Cult** start touring.

1979
The **Rolling Stones** plans are scrapped as **Ron Wood** and **Keef**'s put-together gigging band the **New Barbarians** are still on the road – bet **Mick** was miffed. **Rob Halford** drives his Harley onstage at **Judas Priest**'s St Pauls Minneapolis gig – onstage and off into the orchestra pit! Fortunately for him, he receives only bruises and cuts. The tacky **'Rock 'N' Roll Highschool'** movie (a **Roger Corman** effort!) comes out, with a **Ramones** soundtrack.

NEW YORK DOLLS: make the split (1970)

Pic Tony Mottram

STIV BATORS: a singer for sale! (1989)

1980
Wildlife release **'Burning'**, their debut 45. Also, **Quartz**'s debut is reissued by **Jet** as **'Deleted'**.

1981
Blackfoot are added to the Donington bill. **John Sloman** quits **Uriah Heep**.

1982
Gillan for Donington! **Joan Jett** joins **Queen**'s tour. Tickets go on sale for **Motörhead**'s **Hackney Speedway** bash – with **Saxon**, **Angelwitch**, and **Spider**.

1983
Tracey Lamb leaves **Rock Goddess**, and is replaced by **Dee O'Malley**. **Twisted Sister** and **Hawkwind** will play **Stonehenge**. **Whitesnake** may continue as a five-piece now **Jon Lord** has gone – oh yeah? **Pet Hate** release **'The Bride Wore Red'**.

1985
The **Lords Of The New Church** cover **'Like A Virgin'**. Are **Deep Purple** going to split after the tour? **Gary Moore** and **Phil Lynott** are reunited as they cut **'Out In The Fields'**.

1986
Keel cover **'Because The Night'**. **Beki Bondage** and the **Cherry Bombz** tour – attack of the killer bimbos! **Jimmy Barnes** releases eponymous Geffen debut. **Savatage 'Fight For The Rock'**.

1987
The **Stupids** release **'Van Stupid'**, and **Ace Frehley** makes his long-awaited comeback with **'Frehley's Comet'**.

1988
Ozzy Osbourne does a small venues tour with new member **Geezer Butler**, the working title for his new LP is **'Son Of A Nun'** – whacky guy! Less wacky is **Yngwie Malmsteen**, who releases **'Odyssey'**, with **Joe Lynn Turner** – and Yngwie's still not a patch on **Ritchie Blackmore**. **Cheap Trick** are **'In The Lap Of Luxury'**, and the **Hard-ons** suffer from **'Dick Cheese'**.

1989
Romeo's Daughter unleash their debut LP. **Sore Throat** say they didn't threaten to bomb their label Earache – honest! **Tad** have **'Gods Balls'**. **Hunter-Ronson** are in the studio with **Bernie Edwards** (ex-**Chic**). **Sergio Leone**, the god-like director of spaghetti westerns, dies suddenly at 60. The **Lords Of The New Church** split after **Stiv Bators** hears the others plan to replace him – so he turns their 'singer wanted' ad into a T-shirt, and fires the other members one by one on stage! Now that's what you call revenge!

BIRTHDAYS

Sid Vicious (**Sex Pistols**), born May 10, 1957
Salvador Dali (Surrealist artist), born May 11, 1904
David Wanklin (**Grim Reaper**), born May 12, 1957
Steve Winwood born May 12, 1948
Jack Bruce (**Cream**), born May 14, 1943
Paul Shortino (**Quiet Riot**), born May 14, 1958
Eric Morecambe (comedian), born Morecambe, Lancashire (!), May 14, 1926

ANY KWESTIONS?

GURVITZ GURUS

FUNNY OL' life, innit? After mentioning **High Tide** last week, what should turn up in this week's post but a copy of the **'Precious Cargo'** LP, sent to me by **Jim Coyle** of **Washington DC**, who'd bought it after reading about them in an old column of mine. He hated it! I love it, so thanks mate...

This technique is one way of *ensuring* you get your letter answered, especially if you've got an interesting kwestion, too! Cheers Jim, here goes:

He's a great fan of brothers **Paul** and **Adrian Gurvitz** and considers their early group **Gun** (no relation to A&M's Scottish quintet) to be the first British Metal band. A real bone of contention there, but more pressingly, he asks why the hell did they call themselves Paul and Adrian **Curtis** for so long? And why did they change the band's name from Gun to **Three Man Army**...

Well, as Gun (and Curtis) – they cut two LPs for CBS: **'Gun'** in '68, and **'Gunsight'** in '69. Apart from Adrian on guitar and Paul on bass, they had two drummers: **Louis Farrel** and **Peter Dunton** – and they recorded the classic hit **'Race With The Devil'**. I reckon they were called Curtis as it's an anglicization of Gurvitz, and many artists in the '60s with "foreign" names had to change or adapt them – just the shameful xenophobia of Brit record companies, I'm afraid.

Anyway, they changed to Gurvitz (although Paul stuck with Curtis for one more LP) when they became Three Man Army in 1970. They also changed labels, and I reckon that the name change was in the line of "let's break up and reform with another name", a popular contract breaker of the time (but corporate lawyers soon wised up!), as there's no appreciable change in style!

As Three Man Army they cut **'A Third Of A Lifetime'** for **Pegasus** in '71, with **Spooky Tooth**'s **Mike Kellie** on drums, and a guest from **Buddy Miles**, before switching to Reprise for **'Three Man Army'** in '73, and **'Three Man Army 2'** (although it was their third!) in '74 – these with ex-**Quatermass** man **Peter Robinson** on keys, and **Tony Newman** (ex-**May Blitz**, later **Bowie** and sessions) on drums.

The same year they switched to Polydor for **'Mahesha'**. Not that they were there for long, for they recruited a new drummer **Ginger Baker**, and moved to Vertigo to clock up their third album of the year with the eponymous **'Baker Gurvitz Army'** (notice the name change – no prizes for guessing their main selling point!).

In '75 they recruited jazzer **Peter Lemer** on keys, and ex-**Sharks** vocalist **Snips**, moved to Mountain and cut **'Elysian Encounter'**. Lemer then quit, and as a four-piece they cut **'Heart On Fire'** ('76) before splitting.

The brothers then played on **Moody Blues** man **Graeme Edge**'s two solo LPs: **'Kick Off Your Muddy Boots'** on Threshold in '74 (okay, so I've got a bit out of chronological order here!), and **'Paradise Ballroom'** in '77 on London. The brothers also appeared on **Buddy Miles**' **'Chapter VII'** on CBS in '73.

Now then, in the year between Gun and Three Man Army, Paul sloped off to record with **Mike Kellie** on drums and **Brian Parrish** on guitar and vocals, as **Parrish & Gurvitz**: they cut a 1971 LP for Regal Zonophone – so maybe the brothers fell out for a while... who knows?!

What I do know is that Adrian had a brief solo MOR disco career, with two LP's for Jet: **'Sweet Vendetta'** in '79, and **'Il Assasino'** in '80, before disappearing. Hands up who remembers his schmucky **'Classic'** 45, so beloved of Radio One, with it's immortal couplet, *'Gonna write a classic/ Gonna write it in an attic'*... yes, quite.

Pic Sam Emerson/LFI

RUNAWAYS HEYDAYS

JANET MASON of **Redcar** is a **Lita Ford** and **Joan Jett** fan, and what with all the attention they're getting, and **Cherie Curie**'s reappearance, has asked me for a rundown of the **Runaways** career.

Well, they were put together by manager and entrepreneur **Kim Fowley** in '76, they were all 16, apart from Lita, who was 17 (or so it says on the sleeve of their first album!). The line-up was Cherie on vocals, Joan on rhythm and vocals, Lita on lead, with **Sandy West** on drums and **Jackie Fox** on bass. They were signed to Mercury all the way through (although the last two LPs actually emerged here on Cherry Red), and cut some classic Metal punk power pop – mostly with the help of Fowley on the writing side.

The albums are a bit hard to find, (all deleted), but aren't that expensive. They were: **'The Runaways'** ('76), **'Queens of Noise'** ('77), **'Live In Japan'** ('77) – they were huge there and so was Lita: the sleeve is very unflattering and proves she's lost several pounds (at least) since then! – **'Waitin' For The Night'** ('77), **'And Now The Runaways'** ('79), and **'Flaming Schoolgirls'** ('80). For the last two, **Vicki Blue** joined as third guitarist as Joan and Lita were in and out at Fowley's whim, and **Laurie McAllister** came in on bass after Jackie Fox tried to kill herself. Not a happy band!

SHORT CHANGED

HERE'S SOMETHING like a competition of sorts – but no prizes, we're too poor here! **Tod Slaughter** of **Morden** has the **MC5**'s **'Back In The USA'**, that clocks in at about 28 minutes. He wants to know if it's the shortest rock LP about. I don't know! I've got an LP by **Boomerang** (ex-**Vanilla Fudge** men) that clocks in about the same. Has anyone out there got any really short rock or Metal LPs that clock in at less? I *don't* mean mini albums, they must be designated 'full-length long-players'. Get yer stop watches out!

FELINE BETTER

AFTER LAST week's item on **Feline Groove**, singer **Martin Haslem** phoned in to explain the problem with their mail order demos/T-shirts etc. The correct contact is: **Charlie, 16D Merton Road, Bedford**. Mr Haslem says the address printed last week is no longer anything to do with the band.

And to the **Martin** who wrote in to last week's Any Kwestions?: write again to the above address to receive your tape and a T-shirt.

Metal-related problems answered by Andy Boot. Send your kweries to: Any Kwestions?, Kerrang!, Spotlight Publications, Ludgate House, 245 Blackfriars Road, London SE1 9UZ

Why is it that only ugly bastards are taken seriously? That's the 60,000 dollar question. And it's a problem that's plagued pretty boy Glam Rock bands since time immemorial. "People won't listen to us cos of the way we look," sez TIGERTAILZ man KIM HOOKER. PHIL WILDING lends a sympathetic ear while the band proclaim defiantly...

"WE'VE GOT RESPECT FOR OURSELVES EVEN IF WE DO LOOK LIKE A BUNCH OF GIRLS!"

THE TV screen flickers into life, hums momentarily, and then, *'You're not a lady/You're a Love Bomb Baby...'* pops brazenly out of the mono speaker while four figures disappear in and out of focus and dry ice, running through a debris-filled factory.

One face comes to prominence out of mêlée, then, just as quickly, is obscured by another framed in purple and blue, eyes blood red, screaming. A voice-over thunders: *'The new album from Tigertailz, 'Bezerk'...'*

Vocalist Kim Hooker smiles the smile of a python and sits bolt upright: "That's me! I've f**king made it, I have!

"TV advertising, I'm a TV star. I'm going to make people sick that they can't do the same."

Pepsi Tate and Ace Finchum, 'Tailz bassist and drummer respectively, look on like a caring father with a homicidal child. Benevolent, though still *not quite sure.*

Pepsi smiles uncertainly: "If there's a home without Kim's mug in it by the end of the year, then we'll bring him around personally. They can have the genuine article.

"Talking of genuine articles, our bank manager asked us if we wore wigs. We said, 'Shut up and give us some money'."

TIGERTAILZ HAVE made good their threat and returned from self-imposed exile. Pushing out the 'Bezerk' boat, crashing the national Top 40 and picking up much positive critical acclaim along the way.

No mean feat for a band long recognised only as a shoddy second to Poison, famed for dire musicianship, their garish jewellery, their inability to string a *real* song together, run-ins with the press...

The list went on and on, they became the musical equivalent of a voodoo torture doll. And all and sundry wanted to make their points felt.

'Bezerk' goes most of the way to diminishing the myth. Concentrating on clever bombast, evocative melody and huge splashes of colour, it works in the way that it had to; memorable fast-food trickery without the subsequent bitter aftertaste and hunger. Without growing up, Tigertailz have very possibly come of age.

"When you consider how good the album is," begins Kim, "and how I haven't got a clue what I'm doing whatsoever, then I think that's incredible. I listen to it and I can't believe it's me..." (a smile flickers briefly across his face like a shark's fin breaking the water) "...but that's because it isn't!"

SOME PEOPLE have said things about the TT live performance. Something to do with the power of Memorex...

Ace has heard it before: "That's absolute f**king bullshit!"

But, considering the clarity and very size of the production on the album, you're going to have to commit something to tape for the tour, Pepsi's not about to deny it.

"The thing is that we've always aimed for a chorus with massive backing vocals because we know how much it pisses other bands off to hear that. Plus it's easier for the kids to singalong with."

Kim interjects: "That's what *'chorus'* means."

Pepsi: "We recorded the rehearsal yesterday and it was not a million miles away from it all. We use some samples admittedly. On the album there's about 80 voices singing backing vocals, and you can't get 80 people onstage. Why make yourself sound worse just to tell people that it's the lack of you playing? Why not increase the vocabulary of the band?"

Ace: "The thing is that when Def Leppard do it no-one complains. But then a band comes along in make-up and does it, then it becomes a real big deal. I don't see what the difference is."

PERHAPS THEY'RE simply of the opinion that because of the way you look that you can't play?

Ace: "If you're in a Glam band then everyone says you can't play. I put the work in and give a show. I've not seen a drummer in England who puts on a good show, you know?"

"What he's trying to say," suggests Kim, quietly loading words into Ace's mouth, "is that if there's a drummer in the world who can play to a click like he can and put on a show like he can, then let's see him."

Pepsi is, as always, a little more stoical.

"Typical of Glam bands to grumble about not being taken seriously, right? But we are dedicated and we've got respect for ourselves even if we do look like a bunch of girls.

"All musicians want to be taken seriously. If we were taken seriously and didn't sell many records then we'd want to sell records, you know?

KONTINUEZ PAGE 43

KIM HOOKER (left)
and Jay Pepper

Pic Ray Palmer

PEPSI TATE (left)
and Ace Finchum

Pic Ray Palmer

BUNCH OF GIRLS

FROM PAGE 40

"But the fact is that we can all play, and Ace can play as well as 90 per cent of drummers in any sort of band..."

Kim, only half-jokingly, chips in: "...But because they're ugly bastards they get taken more seriously. I hate the fact that someone would look at us and think, 'Shit, I won't listen to that'. If they listened to it and then said it was shit, then that'd be fine, I'd love that. But it gets up my nose that people won't listen just because of the way we look."

Pepsi: "I always get criticised for my bass playing because people think, 'Well, if he's doing a somersault, how can he be playing?' "

Ace grins wildly, punching in his line: "Geddy Lee does it, I've seen it, man!"

BACK TO 'Bezerk' and the clumsy and rather dull reference in among the liner notes: *'Life is not a bowl of cherriez, be careful who you know'*. Sounds like sixth form philosophy to me, Pepsi?

"We felt we had to have a dedication on the end, and we didn't want to put the usual sentimental bollocks, so we put something useful and helpful."

Useful and helpful? Since when did you decide to stand on a soapbox?

"It's just a sort of, tangly, AIDS reference basically, like a paranoid couplet," he shrugs. "People always say about rock bands preaching and that's pathetic. Admittedly, if you want to know how to run your life, you don't listen to a long haired reprobate with an overlarge guitar, do you?

"So we put that there and if people understand it, and think, oh, that's quite neat, or not understand and think it's bizarre and weird, than that's fine."

But why make such a comment on AIDS when when, say, 'Love Overload' rattles out: *'My weapon's loaded...'*? Isn't the purported glamour of that very image *promoting* promiscuity and quite possibly the risk of sexual infection?

"You don't have to say that's advocating promiscuity," insists Pepsi.

"That song is completely the opposite from the usual rock band outrageous sexual animal thing. Everyone writes about how many women they've f**ked, so we though we'd turn it all the way back around.

"It's basically about when you're absolutely not in the mood for it. When somebody's trying to be ridiculously disgusting with you, and it's the complete other side of the coin. It's when something should be brilliant, and it's not, it's repulsive."

You suffer with this?

"Once or twice, it's just examining the darker side of sexuality, which is something we like to do." There's a stupid grin all over his face.

"You've got 'Love Bomb Baby' after it just to show the black and the white. Anyway, the album doesn't advocate casual sex, it advocates doing what you do, and doing it well, but if you don't do it well then it's your own fault."

"I always get criticised for my bass playing because people think, 'Well, if he's doing a somersault, how can he be playing?' "
– PEPSI TATE

IT'S A CONCEPT album without a concept," offers Kim rather cryptically. Pepsi looks across at him, genuinely distracted by his remark. He *ums* momentarily, then explains.

"It's like the title, 'Bezerk' – instead of just *pretending...*" (he emphasises the word in a dramatic Welsh tone), "...to be a crazy guy when you get up onstage. What we try to do is be so *intense* about what we're doing, that we are..."

Uh, Bezerk? He nods.

"And we spelt it like that, so that if anyone uses it in the future and spells it like that, we'll know where they got it from.

"If that's the only footprint we leave in the sands of time, that's fine."

Thank God he's laughing when he says it. A disjointed observation and question come out of the smile.

"Someone said that 'Call Of The Wild' sounds camp, and I suppose it does. Do you think that it sounds like Jim Steinman produced it?"

No.

My turn again: why put a ballad – 'Heaven' – on the album?

Pepsi, becoming more animated by the moment: "The reason we put that on there was to show that our catalogue is quite diverse.

" 'Safe Sex' is a doomy, muscular Metal song... er, sorry! Then there's 'Love Bomb Baby' which is completely lightweight, but obviously a great pop song, you know? Those two are just as diverse as 'Heaven' is from the rest of the album.

KIM HOOKER: "I don't get up every day thinking, 'Will I make it?'. I think I have made it"

Pic Limelight Photographic

"Our bank manager asked us if we wore wigs. We said, 'Shut up and give us some money'." – PEPSI TATE

"Any idea that we have, like a ballad, then we have to do that to the ultimate extent.

"We wrote 'Love Bomb Baby' as a single and we did that to the peak of singleness..."

SOME PEAK: it ballooned and died at 75! Pepsi looks dumbfounded, distraught.

"Come on, Phil, you know how brilliant it is. Well? It *is!* Why didn't it get in the charts?"

Because it's all chorus and no song? Kim makes an infrequent contribution.

"It is a *song*, we just took out all the bullshit. Saying that, I've heard absolute shit that's gone Top 40. It's not the songs..."

Ace: "And we *didn't* have the hype machine pushing us."

Though, now in retrospect, hype machine or not, the current success of the 'Bezerk' album sounds justified. It looks like the timing was more than right, after all.

Kim, quite seriously: "I think the time *is* right, because we can see clearly where we are and what we've got to do. When you came up to see us a year ago in Milton Keynes where the album was recorded, I was mental..."

Pepsi: "We have come through a lot, we were in that studio for three-and-a-half months. We had our producer go to Japan for about a month.

"We were winding ourselves up to the point where we were having nervous breakdowns just trying to finish it all off – staying up 'til six and then up at eight during the last week, because we'd spent so much money that we had to work at that pace, and Ace..."

He stares across the table at Ace with something approaching genuine affection.

"For Ace to still be around and playing music is incredible..." (Ace was involved in a near-fatal accident just after the recording of the album)

"We do all still get on and, like Kim says, we all know what we have to and want to do it.

I'M SURE this is going to sound like clichéd bollocks, but the fact is that these are the type of things that make you feel more proud. That, as a unit, you can stick through all the criticisms you get.

"Luckily," he smiles wryly, "we don't seem to be getting too much of that so far."

Kim sparks into sudden life: "Except from you!

"I don't get up everyday thinking, 'Will I make it?'. As I said, I think I *have* made it. I've got an album which I'm proud of, there'll be a live show which I'll be proud of, and I know that people will have to turn around and say that we were good."

Ace: "There'll be bigger stages, a bigger show... and no bazookas!

"Has Pepsi ever told you that he's in the Stryper video going potty? You can see him at the front..."

Then Pepsi Tate, an embarrassed smile on his lips, leans over and turns my machine off. Click.

KONCERTZ

BONHAM/JOHNNY CRASH
Omni, Oakland

THE FIRST thing that strikes me about Johnny Crash is their remarkable energy level. They hit the stage with sledgehammer intensity and refuse to let up.

As far as confidence and vigour go, Johnny Crash rate fairly high. But this is only half the story.

The second thing that strikes me about Johnny Crash is how incredibly dumb they are. Dumb lyrics; dumb songs; dumb people.

I'd like to tell you it's all just dumb fun, but these dudes actually take themselves seriously.

Take, for example, the case of guitarist August Worschell. From the look of things, this clown has spent his entire life jerking off in front of a mirror. He licks his lips and shits his licks like he's God's gift to rock. Wonder if he realises how ridiculous his poofy mop of hair extensions looks?!

No-one can deny that singer Vicki James Wright has the potential to command a larger stage. And no-one can deny that these guys are as tight as a baby's ass. But what good is a baby's ass when you're craving the real thing?

If you like your AC/DC mundanely regurgitated, then Johnny Crash is your band. Personally, I can do without sloppy seconds.

While Johnny Crash are more flash than substance, Bonham are something of the reverse. Suffering from a horrid mix (and sound is crucial for a band like Bonham) unlikely openers 'Just Another Day' and 'Cross Me And See' set the pace for a rather sedate performance, the band acting as though this were merely a rehearsal. Truth be told, Bonham are a lot more exciting on video than in person.

And yet, after enduring Johnny Crash, it's refreshing to see a band more concerned with music than posing.

Perhaps Bonham's relaxed stage persona is intrinsic to their particular brand of rock. Notwithstanding, I must admit it's been a while since I've seen a frontman as shy as Daniel MacMaster.

In any event, the precisely executed 'Bringing Me Down' and 'Holding On For Ever' summon a warm response from

VICKI JAMES WRIGHT of Johnny Crash

Jason and the ARGH!-onauts

DANIEL MacMASTER (left) and Ian Hatton of Bonham

JASON BONHAM

the audience as does Jason Bonham's utterly competent drum solo, which, not surprisingly, reeks of father Bonzo.

Although everyone expected to hear 'Rock And Roll' it's the subsequent bluesy refrain that really impresses. Very nice touch. And although MacMaster could use some work on his raps and stage presence, he certainly receives a positive response during Bonham's enjoyable (if safe) rendition of 'Come Together'. Things have finally loosened up.

Back to modern Metal, the boys kick out 'Guilty' and the infectious 'Dreams'. As always the subtle interplay between Ian Hatton (guitar) and John Smithson (keyboards, bass, violin) is elegant and inspired.

Of course, this leaves the notoriously Zeppelinesque 'Wait For You' to close the set. Must be tough having to go through life sounding like the greatest vocalist who ever lived. Eh, MacMaster? Stage presence will come with time. For now let's content ourselves with the fact that MacMaster looks and sings like a god.

But what's up with this encore?! Rather than leaving us screaming for more, Bonham do this stop and start 'Black Dog' bit that totally falls apart. A surprisingly bad call. They should know better by now.

As tempting as it may be for some to squash Bonham like so many corporate Zeppelin simulations, I am much more inclined to congratulate Jason for putting together such a fine band. There's definitely something special happening here. With a few punchier toons and a bit more fire, Bonham could really flourish as a live act.

Somewhere out there Bonzo smiles knowingly. The kid is alright.

ROBERT SZYMANSKI

Is there life on Mars?

MÖTLEY CRÜE's Nikki Sixx and (hiding) Vince Neil

MÖTLEY CRÜE, FASTER PUSSYCAT
Mets Centre, Minneapolis

"WE GOT a f**king loud bunch of motherf**kers here tonight," bleach blond Hollywood nightclub proprietor-cum-rock star Taime Downe yells across the vast expanse of this 16,000 seat mid-Western arena.

There you basically have Faster Pussycat's stage show. A guy who could well be your local garbage man squeezed into embarrassingly tight black spandex, a couple of scarves and make-up that do little to disguise his over-eagerness, saying f**k into a microphone and taking a step back to bask in the response. That and 'Where There's A Whip There's A Way" and the teeny-cuteness level of 'House Of Pain'.

Aside from that, the most poignant, relevant and symbolic Faster Pussycat song is 'Don't Change That Song'. They don't. The whole 45 minute set sounds like a whining groan.

But this crowd, whose parents are probably already waiting in the foyer, are impressed by the word 'f**k'. Every time Mötley's Vince Neil says the magic word, the kids throw their fists in the air and cheer.

Mötley Crüe are a Pop Metal band with a yearning for immortality. That still means catwalks and pyro and lasers, but no make-up, leather, T-shirts or dark colours on their mammoth stage set.

A demonic face appears on a suspended screen hanging over roughly the 15th row and mumbles something about 'Shout At The Devil', then 'Theatre Of Pain', 'Girls, Girls, Girls' and 'Dr Feelgood'.

The Nasty Habits' ample silhouettes appear on top of the catwalks, the lights go up. Tommy Lee is visible behind his drumkit and Neil, Nikki Sixx and Mick Mars are fired upwards by hydraulic lifts from under the stage. Neil snaps his fingers downwards as 'Kickstart My Heart', a Mötley classic, revs up. He runs from side to side, puts his hands up in the air and the horde cheers.

I love arena rock. I love the euphoria and escapism. Intimacy is for intimate music. Mötley Crüe's music is tailor-made for arenas. Even the primitive 'Live Wire' runs on seamlessly from the band's more slickly-produced recent material.

Party song after party song whistles past you as the Crüe roll out the bubblegum faves. 'Sticky Sweet', 'Smokin' In The Boys Room', 'Girls, Girls, Girls'... Neil tells everyone how much he *lurves* Minneapolis. Sixx leans back and glares, Lee sticks his elbows out as wide as possible and smiles amidst the mayhem he creates. Meanwhile Mick Mars is just in the corner playing guitar and making it all sound like music. That's all.

Mars plays a very competent bluesy solo, his guitar collection suspended horizontally on a rack in front of him. Soon after, Lee's kit quivers and is lifted clear to the ceiling while he begins playing to sample tapes of the likes of AC/DC and Cream. The kit floats out on into the audience and lowers frighteningly close to their collective heads.

Lee, wearing a studded G-string and absolutely nothing else, puts one hand on a pole and leans out over the audience. He looks genuinely in awe of his situation, oblivious to the fact he does this every night.

"LOOK HOW CLOSE I AM TO YOU F**KERS, MAN!" he cries.

He straps himself back in and keeps drumming.

This is supposedly 'the greatest rock 'n' roll show that's ever been seen'. It is indeed impressive. But the highlight for me is in the encore, that definitive hymn of decadence, 'Wild Side'. *'Namedropping no-names, glamorize cocaine, puppets with strings of gold.'* Neil is singing it, looking straight out into the darkness, not looking down at the front row. Mötley Crüe are no longer on the Wild Side, they no longer *glamorize* cocaine... and whether or not they are puppets with strings of gold is open to interpretation. Neil is singing a stirring song, the pyro is ready, the staging is perfect, I love the music.

So why am I not moved? Why does Neil not even seem to be in the same country as me? Why do I think listening to the Crüe on my Walkman would be more enjoyable?

Perhaps because it's all too much for my finite senses.

Perhaps because I sense that, underneath everything, there isn't very much at all.

STEVE MASCORD

MAIN PIC: *Crüe guitarist Mick Mars, the man who 'makes it all sound like music'*

Pix Ross Halfin

Dork 'Yard

JUNKYARD
Omni, Oakland, California

THE FIRST six rows are having a hell of a time tonight. The kids are crashing into each other, smashing a few beer bottles and generally mixing it up.

The fact that Junkyard are wailing away on stage is largely inconsequential to them. This crowd came to party and my Aunt Lil (who, incidentally, is a nun) could go up on stage with an acoustic guitar, sing nursery rhymes and generate pretty much the same reaction.

The disinterested majority around the club's fringe, most of whom depart by midset, perhaps tell the real truth.

Junkyard are one of the many LA-based troupes who were snapped up in the thoughtless frenzy of signings that followed Guns N' Roses' success.

They have the tattoos the bandanas, they throw all the right shapes... but they just come off as very second rate.

Undoubtedly, a big dose of the blame rests with vocalist David Roach. At its best, this kid's voice sounds like the dying screams of a 140 pound sewer rat. He complains often about his monitors being screwed up and eventually yells at the sound man to shut them off altogether. I wish the soundman had shut off Roach's mike instead.

The rest of the band sure play well enough, though. The rhythm section of bassist Clay Anthony and drummer Patrick Michael Muzingo is as tight as the ol' duck's ass, while Brian Baker and (especially) Chris Gates handle the guitar duties in a more than adequate way.

But as well executed as the music was, there sure wasn't much to execute. 'Hollywood' is a killer tune and 'Hot Rod' and 'Blooze' work rather well. But the likes of 'Hands Off', 'Simple Man' and 'Long Way From Home' just don't sound good enough songs to belong to a major label act.

The encore of AC/DC's 'Sin City' is enjoyable mainly because Black Crowes vocalist Chris Robinson (what a voice!) sits in. But by now most of the sober people are home in bed.

If Junkyard are aware that all they'll ever be in their current state is a glorified bar band with a bad singer – more power to 'em. They'll go through life playing mid-size clubs half-full of drunken idiots. If, on the other hand, they have delusions of world domination, I'm afraid they'll never be more than just that: delusions.

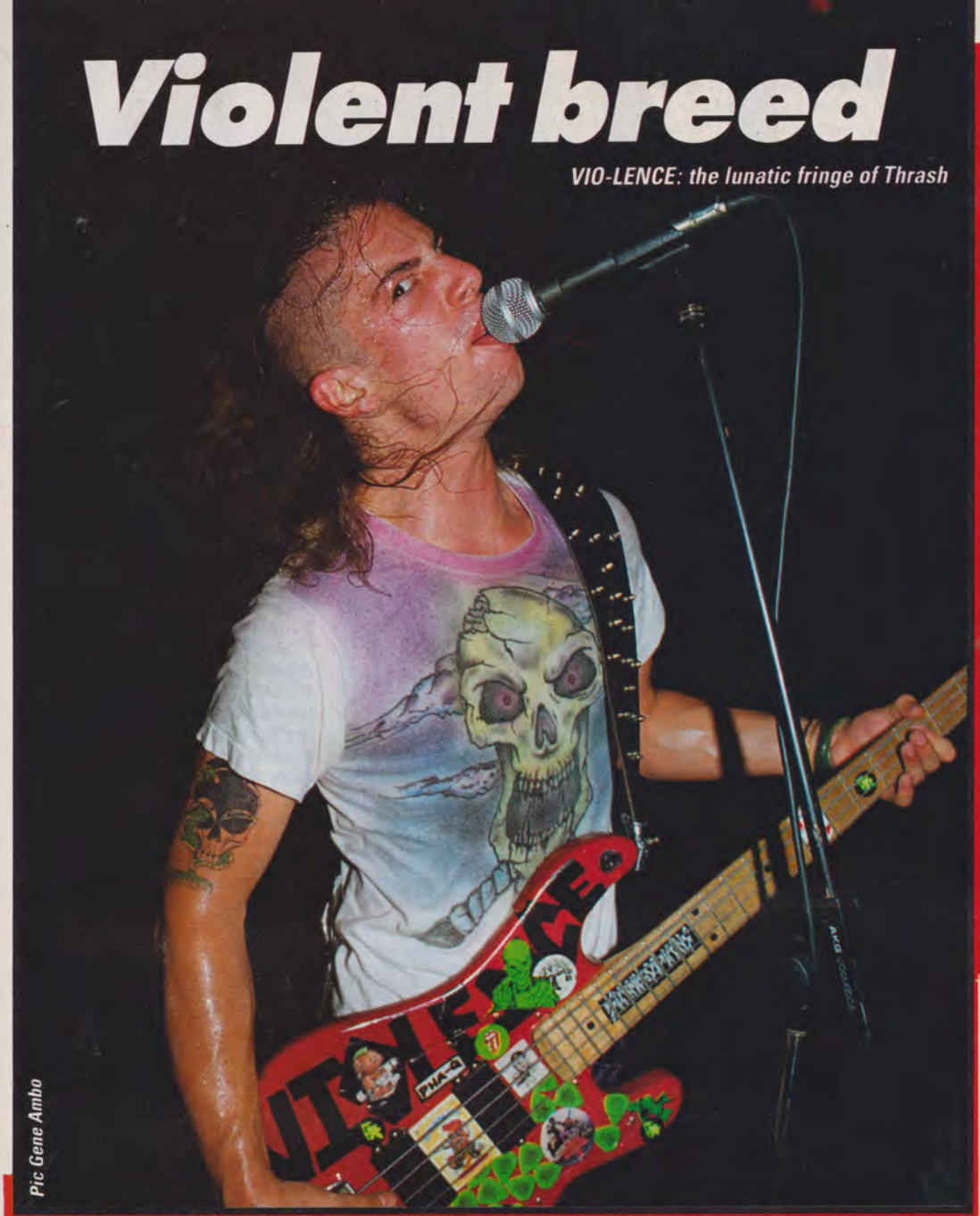
JIM FILIAULT

JUNKYARD VOCALIST David Roach: 'this kid's voice sounds like the dying screams of a 140 pound sewer rat'

Pic Joe Giron

Violent breed

VIO-LENCE: the lunatic fringe of Thrash



Pic Gene Ambo

VIO-LENCE, DEATH ANGEL, FORBIDDEN
Omni, Oakland, California

A PROMINENT Bay Area freebie mag decided it might be a good idea to hold a 'Thrash awards' evening. The mag in question, called *The Informant*, are now being sued by the city of Hayward, California for a riot that occurred at a Death Angel/Vio-lence show last year that really had sod all to do with them. And so it was that these three bands took the stage, with others, to help raise legal costs needed to fight the case.

With no egos at play, billing just happened and so it was that Forbidden were the first of the big three onstage and I can only pray you have your tickets for their British tour with Death Angel. Five people who have simply got better and better, Forbidden excite the shit out of me. Russ Anderson is quite simply a sharper, better version of his old self. Waltzing the stage, new mean and lean frame lending him a presence that would give even the mighty Chuck Billy a short run, he commands with relaxed control. A smile and a laugh, a scream and a soulful voice, Anderson is the most striking example of the newer, tighter Forbidden.

Craig Locicero and Tim Calvert look as though they've been doing this thing for years, Locicero's semi-legendary 360 degree eyes-rolled Exorcist headbanging as fervent as ever, whilst Calvert quite simply took marauding charge of affairs with a fierce display. Bostaph and Camacho are certainly the most underrated rhythm pigs around, and add three great songs to all this and you have one exciting taster. With superb new material (they played 'Step By Step' as one newie) they look certain to impress heavily upon you in the UK.

Death Angel too will strip your lungs of any remaining oxygen, and tonight was simply proof that Death Angel are totally for real. Cavestany was superb, a menace to aural society, a guitarist who really has improved beyond all measure of doubt. During the superb riff in 'Falling Asleep' he erupts into a solo that left me staring. Dennis Pepa and Andy Galeon are aggressive and excellent, Gus Pepa has emerged as an unsung hero and then there's Osegueda who knows that he has developed into a superb frontman. 'Disturbing The Peace' was monstrous, a moving violation, and then the whipcrack of 'A Seemingly Endless Time' shoved the whole point home. Death Angel these days evoke a whole slew of knife-related adjectives, quite simply because this is the sharpest cutting edge of developed Thrash, a band who are gong to take 1990 by storm quite simply because they believe they can. And they *can*. Do I need to plug that show one more time? It'll be to your disadvantage should you miss it.

Vio-lence are a devastation. As musicians they have improved beyond words, and as performers they are more mobile and uncontrollable than ever. Deen Dell has his leg in plaster once more, yet he cannot be kept offstage or from standing and hobbling around. Phil Demmel has completely lost his shell, now a vicious swerving liability, Rob Flynn is a more violent and malicious anchor, whilst Perry Strickland throws himself at his drums and must sustain injuries. The most manic, however, is Sean Killian. I've said it before, Killian quite simply looks as though he will indulge in a murderous deed before a show's finish. Dressed in a black turtleneck shirt and black jeans, his newly grown beard in full sprout, he takes on the appearance of a tormented mobility, raging and ranting, fixing his wide-kill cat eyes on the unsuspecting and screaming some superb lyrics.

Vio-lence are the lunatic fringe of Thrash, the wild ones, the embodiment of what the word 'Thrash' suggests. Theirs is quite simply live bloodsport, and their soon-due album 'Oppressing The Masses' will be a home version of this Vio-lence game. They crack the sweaty front-row nuts with 'Liquid Courage' and 'Oppressing The Masses' amongst others, and this time you can allow yourself some hearty anticipation as Megaforce will deliver this beautifully chaotic monstrosity to you before the Summer's end.

Shows like this are superb meters of what we can all expect from the participants' forthcoming tours. Listen, even Barton would've slammed...

STEFFAN CHIRAZI

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KULTURE

VIDZ!

Bookz, flickz and vidz for the kidz. Edited by Jon Hotten

LISA DOMINIQUE: "Me on the new 'Kerrang! Ladykillers' video? It must be Christmas!" (It's the middle of May, actually – Pedantic Ed.)

Pic Ray Palmer

'KERRANG! LADYKILLERS' *(Picture Music International/ Virgin/PMV)*

IF LISA Dominique chooses to pander (presumably without the aid of blackmail or pimps) to the lowest tit-wank level by humping a pinball machine in 'All Fall Down' (opening track on this vid), then allegations of sexism are negated. In the words of Nigel Tufnell... "There's nothing wrong with being sexy!"

INSET PIC below: the 'Kerrang! Ladykillers' video sleeve

So this revenge of the rock chicks compilation is what you'd expect from such a sexy magazine as *Kerrang!*.

Write it off as a twat-minded prick-tease if you want, but then you know nothing about art anyway. *'Kerrang!* Ladykillers', complete with lingerie and super-muff, is Heavy Metal's fantasy into the multiple orgasm.

Unfortunately for Vixen (with their 'Cryin'' track) and Phantom Blue ('Why Call It Love'), girls look dumb playing guitars (with the exception of Joan Jett and Chrissie Hynde). Instead the directors focus on lycra-snug bottoms and blushing bosoms, earthmoving pouts and calendar girl smoulder, and all is neatly packaged again.

In contrast, employing the ugliest boy musos for a backing band was obviously the challenge for Lee Aaron ('Only Human'), Femme Fatale ('Waiting For The Big One') and Saraya ('Back To The Bullet'), another neat compromise by girls who really want to be male.

The phallic crucifix peeps from the straining cleavage of Robin 'Pepsi' Beck on 'First Time', whilst Cherry Bombz opt for 'Hot Girls In Love'.

It is, however, the ironic inclusion of Pat Benatar's 'Sex As A Weapon' alone that stands out amongst all the buyers of wriggling erotica. A brief respite with a sharp robo-cartoon featuring Miss Benatar in a secondary role and several catty nail bombs aimed at female exploitation.

So, no... no-one gets to see Doro's tits ('Whiter Shade Of Pale'). You do, however, get to fall in love with Leigh Matty of Romeo's Daughter as she drifts through a chic Martini desert singing 'Cry Myself To Sleep At Night', whilst Phantom Blue get to enact their director's rape fantasy by miming behind prison bars. Bikini girls with vaseline.

Overall *Kerrang!* Ladykillers treads the fine line between lingerie catalogue and soft drinks commercial. With the exception of Romeo's Daughter and Pat Benatar, however, if this represents the talents of women in rock then it's little surprise that no-one is taking them seriously.

So make like a coffee table, bitch!

CHRIS WATTS

'CHILD'S PLAY': "Buy the 'Kerrang! Ladykillers' video or I'll rip your eyeballs from their sockets!"

CHILD'S PLAY (Rated 15, CBS/Fox)

DESPITE THE '15' certificate, this film had some folks hiding behind the sofa in terror! Hell, ask *Kerrang!'s* very own Alison Joy, she hasn't been the same since viewing 'Child's Play'.

I have to say I found the film highly amusing but I've got to the point now where nothing scares me, apart from the Spurs back four – they send shivers down my spine every time the ball goes near 'em, but that's another story!

'Child's Play' is basically about a little boy who, having seen a 'Chukky Doll' on TV, must own one himself. His request, not surprisingly, is soon granted – only the 'Chukky Doll' he acquires is different. For starters it's possessed, and things start to go horribly wrong. Mum's best friend is thrown out of the window by 'Chukky'; mother, meanwhile, refuses to believe that 'Chukky' is responsible – but that soon changes when she discovers 'Chukky' talking and moving without batteries.

The special effects are surprisingly good and the ending has to be seen to be believed. An entertaining film. ***XAVIER RUSSELL***

'SCARECROWS' (Rated 18, Medusa)

ALTHOUGH 'SCARECROWS' isn't exactly that scary, there's plenty of GORE! Y'know... hands being pierced by pitchforks, heads being pulverised and a lot of other nasty goings-on to boot!

A group of bandits with stolen money are on the run, when their plane has to put down in a remote spot. They come across a sinister house, which is surrounded by scarecrows – but are the scarecrows really DEAD?

Sadly the plot and the hammy acting let the film down, but it's the GORE that saves the day!

XAVIER RUSSELL

STEPHEN KING'S 'THIS IS HORROR VOLUMES ONE AND TWO' (Leisure View Video)

ORIGINALLY SHOT for American TV, these little fellas ('little' being the operative term at a measly 45 minutes per vid) can never be fully appreciated over here with the present censorship laws, as a good 50 per cent of the material suffers great impact-loss at the clueless hands of Britain's scissor-happy ratings board.

That aside, this series of horror 'documentaries' serves as a handy introduction to some of the genre's most exciting and underrated talents.

'TIH' volume one includes a section on female vampires, an interview with FX wiz Steve ('Nightmare On Elm Street Part Four') Johnson and some great 'Re-Animator' and 'Bride Of Re-Animator' footage courtesy of producer Brian Yuzna. But the only segment of any real worth is a rare English-speaking interview with Italian director Dario Argento, who verbally fumbles through a passionate display of censorship hatred – and who better to have a good ol' moan than the man whose films (including 'Suspiria', 'Tenebrae' and the magnificent 'Deep Red') have either been banned or made available in criminally abbreviated versions only. Hailed by many as a spaghetti Hitchcock, Argento's ability to build a scene to almost unbearable intensity is unequalled in contemporary horror.

'TIH' volume two is the more consistent and enjoyable of the pair. Ingredients include features on 'Texas Chainsaw Massacre III' and an interview with the Coen brothers on the set of their superb debut movie 'Blood Simple'.

But every good gorehound knows that the pinnacle of bad taste comes in the shape of an independent company from America, responsible for such Gore/Trash classics as 'Redneck Zombies', 'Rabid Grannies' and, of course, 'Toxic Avenger'. Yes, it's the totally corrupt Troma team. And 'TIH' Volume two gives you a brief glimpse into their hideous workings. God bless 'em.

And with a section devoted to OTT film trailers (including Hitchcock's classic one for 'Psycho') and bizarre gimmicks employed by film companies to get your attention, volume two makes a dandy little party tape.

'TIH' delivers, albeit in diluted form, a consumer-friendly insight into the most misunderstood subject in filmdom. Hey, you could even learn something!

LEX PATHOS (ESQ)

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2nd June	Rosetta Ballroom	Belfast
4th June	Bridge St Art Centre	N'castle-U-Lyme
5th June	The Jug	Doncaster
7th June	The Parr Hall	Warrington
8th June	Caesar's Palace	Aberdeen
9th June	The Venue	Edinburgh
21st June	The Astoria	London

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SURVIVAL RECORDS

METAL GIG GUIDE

WEDNESDAY 9

ALLOA Endrick Hotel **Tredegar**
AYR Pavilion (0292 265489) **Marshall Law**
BELFAST Rosetta Bar (0232 649297) **Death/Re-animator**
BRADFORD Queens Hall (0274 392712) **Gong**
COVENTRY Tick Tock **Dr Feelgood/Hamsters**
DUNSTABLE Wheatsheaf (0582 62571) **Out Of The Blue**
EASTBOURNE Rumours **Full Moon**
EDINBURGH Playhouse (031-557 2390) **Jeff Beck**
EDINBURGH Venue (031-557 3073) **Sensoria/Knife Edge**
HARROGATE International Centre **Jethro Tull**
HULL Jailhouse **DRN**
LEEDS Duchess Of York (0532 453929) **Xentrix/Beyond**
LONDON Clubhouse, Brixton (071-737 4904) **Murder Of Crows/Catch 502**
LONDON Cricketers, Oval (071-735 3059) **Holy Shit!/Slabmatics**
LONDON Gun Tavern, Croydon **Promise**
LONDON Hippodrome, Leicester Square (071-437 4311) **Children** (HM night with DJs **Krusher** and **Monty Zero)**
LONDON Marquee (071-437 6603) **US UK/Small Funky Beast**
LONDON New Pegasus, Newington Green (071-226 5930) **Robb Johnson Band/Kik**
LONDON Royal Standard, Walthamstow (081-527 1966) **Remember This/Blue Print**
LONDON Swan, Fulham (071-385 1840) **Eye-2-Eye**
LONDON Swan, Stockwell (071-274 1526) **Paddy Goes to Holyhead**
LONDON Track, West Ham **I Like Danny's Hair**
MORECAMBE Gardens (0524 425005) **Enid**
SOUTHPORT Midnight Lounge **Dizzy Mama**
STOKE ON TRENT Wheatsheaf (0782 415334) **Venus Beads/ Collision**
SWINDON Monkey (0793 542161) **Charlie Mouse/White Lies**
WALSALL JB's Junction 10 (0922 648100) **Patriot**
WOMBWELL Main Working Mens Club (0226 752952) **Gin $ling**

THURSDAY 10

ASHVALE George (0252 543500) **Fear**
BIRMINGHAM Edwards (021-643 5835) **Klingons/Drunken Skunks**
BIRMINGHAM NEC (021-780 4133) **Jeff Beck**
BRADFORD St George's Hall (0274 752000) **Jethro Tull**
BUCKLEY Tivoli (0244 550782) **Kill City Dragons/Deadline**
BUXTON North Western Sports And Social Club **Wild Ones**
CARDIFF Venue (0222 342307) **Nightstalker**
COVENTRY Warwick University **DRN**
DONCASTER Jug **Enid**
DUBLIN McGonagles **Death/Re-animator**
DUDLEY JB's (0384 53597) **Brooklyn Dogs**
GATESHEAD Plough **Slack Alice**
GLASGOW Solid Rock Cafe (041-221 1105) **Tredegar**
HUDDERSFIELD Bogeys (0484 24200) **Noussommes**
IPSWICH Safe Harbour **Shoot Shoot**
KIDDERMINSTER Riverboat **Houston Cruisers**
LEICESTER Princess Charlotte (0533 553956) **Under Neath What**
LIVERPOOL Sloanes (051-708 5016) **Xentrix/Beyond**
LONDON Cunningham, Croydon (0689 42815) **Eric Bell**
LONDON Marquee (071-437 6603) **Marshall Law/Jezebelle**
LONDON New Pegasus, Newington Green (071-226 5930) **Best Bitter And The Lager Louts/Cut Cut Emma**
LONDON Plough, Kenton (081-907 2498) **Magic Mushroom Band**
LONDON Samuel Beckett, Stoke Newington **Paddy Goes To Holyhead**
LONDON Swan, Fulham (071-385 1840) **Ivor's Jivers**
LONDON Wembley Arena (081-902 1234) **Heart/Thunder**
MERTON Leather Bottle **Full Moon**
MORECAMBE Gardens (0524 425005) **Chrome Molly**
NOTTINGHAM Fagin's **Rich Rags**
NOTTINGHAM Rocket (0602 789586) **Colin Staples Band**
PONTYPRIDD White Hart **Zero Option**
RHYL Savoy Bistro (0745 330470) **The Bogey Man/Deadly Intentioned**
SCUNTHORPE Desert Rat **Alchemist**
ST ALBANS Horn Of Plenty (0727 53143) **Warning**
STEVENAGE Bowes Lyon House (0438 353175) **Johnny Thunder**
STOKE ON TRENT Wheatsheaf (0782 415334) **Deadline/Take Two**
SWANSEA Patti Pavilion **Dr Feelgood/Hamsters**
SWINTON Civic **Seventh Son**
TUNBRIDGE WELLS Village **Ruthless Blues**
WARWICK University **DRN**
WOLVERHAMPTON Civic Centre **Macc Lads**

FRIDAY 11

BOURNEMOUTH International Centre (0202 292476) **Dr Feelgood/ Hamsters**
BRIDGEND York Tavern (0656 653558) **Wild Pussy**
BRIDLINGTON Leisure World **GWAR**
CARDIFF Bogiez (0222 226168) **Fluke**
CARLISLE Sands Centre **Jethro Tull**
DUBLIN McGonagles **Death/Re-animator**
DUNDRUM Bay Inn **Emerald/Noahs Ark**
GLASGOW Venue (041-332 3874) **Marshall Law**
GLOUCESTER Colyford Arms **Barf Roco**
GUILDFORD Compass **Full Moon**
HENLOW Bird In Hand **XXX**
LICHFIELD Arts Centre (0543 415388) **DRN/Slowburner/Usurpa**
LONDON Astoria (071-434 0403) **Under Neath What**
LONDON Clubhouse, Brixton (071-737 4904) **Medicine Men/Jaded Heartz**
LONDON Cunningham, Croydon (0689 42815) **Sod's Law**
LONDON Greyhound, Sydenham **I Like Danny's Hair**
LONDON Half Moon, Putney (081-788 2387) **Ruthless Blues**
LONDON Marquee (071-437 6603) **Metal Church/Pantera**
LONDON New Pegasus, Newington Green (071-226 5930) **Guitar Gangsters/Rattlesnakes**
LONDON Opera On The Green, Shepherds Bush (081-749 5928) **The End**
LONDON Plough, Kenton (081-907 2498) **John Otway/Golden Shower**
LONDON Red Lion, Brentford (081-560 6181) **Casual Affair**
LONDON Royal Standard, Walthamstow (081-527 1966) **Blinder/Warning**
LONDON Swan, Fulham (071-385 1840) **Paddy Goes To Holyhead/Flat Stanleys**
LONDON Wembley Arena (081-902 1234) **Heart/Thunder**
MANCHESTER Apollo (061-273 3775) **Jeff Beck**
MORECAMBE Gardens (0524 425005) **Noussommes**
NEWCASTLE UNDER LYME Bridge Street (0782 415334) **Grace/Handle With Care**
NORWICH City College **Rosie Blue/Auroura**
NOTTINGHAM Rocket (0602 789586) **Resistence 77**
NUNEATON Arts Centre (0203 345253) **Ark**
OLDHAM Hurricane (061-626 5848) **Jaded Heartz**
PETERBOROUGH Mystery City **Ample Cleavage**
PLYMOUTH Academy (0752 665445) **Marshall Law/Jezebelle**
PORTSMOUTH Hornpipe (0705 817293) **Ex Libris**
SCUNTHORPE Baths **Enid**
SHEFFIELD Take Two (0742 444408) **Xentrix/Beyond/Systematic Insanity**
SOUTHEND Reids **Chrome Molly**
STOKE ON TRENT Wheatsheaf (0782 415334) **Glasshouse/Festival**
STROUD Railway **Rubble**
SWANSEA Singletons **Rich Rags**
WHITECROFT Royal Oak **Kaos**
WORKINGTON Carnegie Theatre (0900 602122) **Tredegar/Three Mile Smile**

Polydor's young hopefuls (and Pandora Peroxide fans) LITTLE ANGELS are back promoting their 'Get Radical' EP and play Edinburgh (Monday), and Aberdeen (Tuesday). Support comes from Joe Elliott's tip for the top, Irish hopefuls NO SWEAT, so get there early!

SATURDAY 12

ARBROATH Kirks Bar **Love Parade**
BANGOR Craig Miller Hall **Emerald/Noah's Ark**
BELFAST Rosetta Bar (0232 649297) **Underfire**
BIRMINGHAM University, House Of Residence **Split Beaver**
BRIDGEND York Tavern (0656 653558) **Warning**
CAMBRIDGE Globe (0223 241220) **Out Of The Blue**
CAMBRIDGE Hoofers (0223 241042) **March To The Grave**
CARDIFF Bogiez (0222 226168) **Graffitti**
CARDIFF Crown **Zero Option**
DERBY Buxton Hotel **Murder Of Crows**
DUDLEY JB's (0384 253597) **Chrome Molly**
DUMFRIES White Hart **Tredegar**
EDINBURGH Venue (031-557 3073) **GWAR**
EVESHAM Avon **Rubble**
EVESHAM Roxanne's **Fireworx**
FAYGATE Holmbush **Cry Wolf**
FRIMLEY One Oak **Close Quarters**
HUDDERSFIELD Polytechnic (0484 538156) **Rosetta Stone**
KINGSTON UPON THAMES Greyhound **Lindsey/Outrun**
LEEDS Duchess Of York (0532 453929) **Enid**
LONDON Cartoon, Croydon (081-688 4500) **Promise**
LONDON Clubhouse, Brixton (071-737 4904) **Paddy Goes To Holyhead/5am Dreamland**
LONDON Marquee (071-437 6603) **Screaming Marionettes/Every New Dead Ghost/Unloved**
LONDON New Pegasus, Newington Green (071-226 5930) **Heaven Can Wait/Bare Essentials**
LONDON Plough, Kenton (081-907 2498) **Boogie Brothers/Blue 'N' Bitter**
LONDON Red Lion, Brentford (081-560 6181) **ETA/Solid State**
LONDON Royal Standard, Walthamstow (081-527 1966) **Steve Marriot/Little Darlings**
LONDON Sir George Robey, Finsbury Park (071-263 4581) **Voodoo Child/Angel Eye**
LONDON Stick Of Rock, Bethnal Green (071-739 6068) **Love And War**
LONDON Swan, Fulham (071-385 1840) **Wandering Crutchlees/ Mental Helicopters**
NORMANTON Carlton Club **Acid Reign/Lawnmower Deth** (Baby Unit Benefit)
NORTON CANES Stadium **Radio Moscow**
OLDBURY Royal Oak **Skeleton Swing**
PORTSMOUTH Pied Piper **Firework Party**
RAMSEY Grand Entertainment **Incipient**
READING After Dark (0734 576847) **Salvation/The Other Side**
SALISBURY City Hall **Dr Feelgood/Hamsters**
SHEFFORD Grapevine **XXX**
ST ALBANS Horn Of Plenty (0727 53143) **Ruthless Blues**
STOKE ON TRENT Wheatsheaf (0782 415334) **Haymaker**
SWINDON St Johns Ambulance **Bardiche**
TONYPANDY Naval Club (0443 436181) **DRN**
WALSALL JB's Junction 10 (0922 648100) **Chrome Molly**

SUNDAY 13

BIRMINGHAM Edwards (021-643 5835) **Death/Re-animator**
BRADFORD Rio **Mai Rouge**
CARDIFF Bogiez (0222 226168) **No Surrender**
CORBY Earlstree Club (0536 67672) **Mean Red Spiders**
DERBY Dial **Enid**
IRVINE Video Tech **Tredegar**
LLANHAREN RFC (0443 222209) **DRN**
LONDON Cricketers, Oval (071-735 3059) **Paddy Goes To Holyhead**
LONDON Hammersmith Odeon (081-748 4081) **Jeff Beck**
LONDON Kings Head, Fulham (071-736 1413) **Angel Eye**
LONDON Marquee (071-437 6603) **Xentrix/Beyond**
LONDON New Pegasus, Newington Green (071-226 5930) **Bullet From Your Gun/Cuban Heels/Russians**
LONDON Ruskin Arms, East Ham (081-472 0377) **Lindsey**
LONDON Swan, Fulham (071-385 1840) **Paddy Goes To Holyhead/Riffz** (lunchtime) **Blind Rage/Full Moon** (evening)
LONDON Wembley Arena (081-902 1234) **Heart/Thunder**
PRESTON Guildhall (0772 21721) **Jethro Tull**
SOUTHAMPTON Canute **Quikken**
STOURBRIDGE Town Hall **True Grit/Patriot/Radio Moscow**
TAMWORTH Arts Centre **Felony**
WALSALL JB's Junction 10 (0922 648100) **Neds Atomic Dustbin/Goat**
WARRINGTON Parr Hall **Hamsters**

MONDAY 14

AYR Pavilion (0292 265489) **Little Angels/No Sweat**
BIRMINGHAM Edwards (021-643 5835) **Love And War/100% Proof**
BOGNOR REGIS Crown **Felony**
BOURNEMOUTH Benedict's **Marshall Law/Jezebelle**
EDINBURGH Preservation Hall **Dr Feelgood/Hamsters**

JEFF BECK, the ex-Yardbird, finally plays Britain again after a break of 12 years. Fresh from a Stateside tour with Stevie Ray Vaughan, Beck – the guitar hero's hero – and his Guitar Shop band play Edinburgh (Wednesday), Birmingham (Thursday), Manchester (Friday), London (Sunday, Monday).

HANLEY Victoria Hall **Jethro Tull**
HUDDERSFIELD Polytechnic (0484 538156) **Chrome Molly**
HULL Sherlock Holmes **Noussommes**
LIVERPOOL Everyman Theatre (051-709 4776) **Paragonz**
LONDON Dingwalls, Camden Lock (071-267 4967) **Play Dixie**
LONDON Hammersmith Odeon (081-748 4081) **Jeff Beck**
LONDON Martello, Hackney **Ruthless Blues**
MANCHESTER Band On The Wall **Enid**
MANCHESTER International **Death/Re-animator**
MIDDLESBROUGH Empire Hotel **Energetic Krusher**
NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE Riverside (091-261 4386) **GWAR**
STOKE ON TRENT Wheatsheaf (0782 415334) **Bad Attitude**
TROWBRIDGE Stargazers **Exploited/Stress/Sic Boy Federation/Neon Scream**

TUESDAY 15

ABERDEEN Ritzy **Little Angels/No Sweat**
BRIGHTON Concorde **Ex Libris**
CHICHESTER Coach and Horses **I Like Danny's Hair**
CHIPPENHAM Goldiggers (0249 656444) **Saxon/Third Man**
DARLINGTON Doctor's Orders (0325 483722) **Larrikin**
DERBY Assembly Rooms (0332 369311) **Death/Xentrix**
DONCASTER Dome **Jethro Tull**
DONCASTER Jug **Lisa Dominique**
GLASGOW Reggies **Dr Feelgood/Hamsters**
ILKLEY Rose And Crown **Carrera**
LIVERPOOL Cumberland **Paragonz**
LONDON East London Rugby Club, West Ham (0277 200660) **Roadhouse**
LONDON Greyhound, Fulham (071-385 0526) **Great Divide**
LONDON Marquee (071-437 6603) **Radio Moscow/Protocol**
LONDON New Pegasus, Newington Green (071-226 5930) **Kill Crazy Lesbians/Gaddaffi's Warriors**
LONDON Thames Polytechnic **The Other Side**
MANCHESTER Band On The Wall **Enid**
MANCHESTER Fagin's **Chrome Molly**
MANCHESTER UMIST (061-220 3271) **Engine**
NOTTINGHAM Jace's **Murder Of Crows**
NOTTINGHAM Rocket (0602 789586) **Thin Not Fat/Bank Kok**
OXFORD Dolly (0865 244761) **Fireworx**
STOKE ON TRENT Wheatsheaf (0782 415334) **Dragons**
WALSALL JB's Junction 10 (0922 648100) **GWAR**
WESTERHAM Frog And Bucket **Promise**

To list your gig, write to: El Rose, Metal Gig Guide, Kerrang!, Spotlight Publications, Ludgate House, 245 Blackfriars Road, London SE1 9UZ. Fax: 01-928 2839. Or you can telephone her on 01-921 5900 – Tuesdays and Wednesdays ONLY! Give at least seven days notice to ensure inclusion

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4th/5th JUNE
ALANNAH MYLES
10th JUNE
DOGS D'AMOUR
15th JUNE
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	11th	SHEFFIELD, Take 2#
	13th	LONDON, Marquee#
	15th	DERBY, Assembly Rooms*
	17th	CARDIFF, Venue#
	19th	DONCASTER, The Jug#
	20th	EDINBURGH, Venue#

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WEDNESDAY 6th JUNE
BRADFORD QUEENS HALL
Morely Street, Bradford
Tickets: £6 advance from Bradford Queens Hall
(0274 392712 - Box Office) & usual agents

THURSDAY 7th JUNE
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KLASSIFIEDS

PERSONAL

SHY MALE 21 into HM/HR, sci-fi/fantasy, learning guitar. Seeks attractive female (non-smoker) 18–25 with similar tastes and guitar? In Newcastle, S/Shields area for practice, gigs and relationship/romance. Box No K2218

BORED MALE 30, had enough rocking on my own, looking for girl to rock with. Likes all rock except thrash. Photo please, London/anywhere. Box No K2219

SAXON READING. Oriental girl, wearing black jacket, basque and fringed skirt. Like to meet you. Box No K2220

BORED? Female 22 seeks f/friend with sense/humour, to tour Greek Islands this summer, for 2+ months. Box No K2221

NO PARTNER. Confidential intros all ages/areas. Write: Orion, P4, Waltham, Grimsby

MALE 25 AVAILABLE with uncomfortable pillion seat for right minded, slim **INDEPENDENT** female, Kent Show, clubs, good times, planning 3 month trip to USA. Over 21's + photo. All letters answered. No strings. Sth East + Surrey. Box No K2222

ARTISTIC Scottish female 19 into most rock/metal. Seeks male/female for pubs, gigs, laughs, in North East area. Photo if possible. Box No K2223

MALE 27 seeks female for friendship and nights out, into most rock and heavy metal. Sandwell, West Midlands. Box No K2206

FREAKY INTELLECTUAL female rocker 18. Seeking sexy intellectual male for relationship. Herts area, photo please. Box No K2216

FEMALE 29, p****d off with brainless males, seeks Kory Clarkeish look/thinkalikes for letters, laughs, nights out. Photo! London. Box No K2217

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GWAR

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SHRAPNEL

SOHO ANGELS
play Chester Cestrian Club May 11, Ellesmere Port Partners 12, Cirencester Touchline Club 13, Exeter Station June 3, Bristol Fleece & Firkin 28.

KARRION
Yorkshire Death Metallers, seek gigs. Contact: Mark, 39 Belle Vue Street, Healey, Batley, West Yorkshire WF17 8DD.

BASH STREET KIDS
play Kenton Plough May 11, Great Yarmouth Borough Hall 27 (with Showaddywaddy for the ITV Telethon), Walthamstow Royal Standard June 21.
They release a new single, 'Hold On', in the near future.

MEDICINE MEN
play London Cathouse May 12, 20 and 27.

NO SURRENDER
play Cardiff Bogies May 13, Crawley New Inn June 16, Birmingham Barrel Organ 17.

SOMETHING WILD
play London Rock Garden May 10 (with Ugly As Sin).

DIRTY TRYX
play Lichfield Arts Centre May 18, London Stick Of Rock 19, Bristol Fleece And Firkin 23, Leicester Princess Charlotte 30, Bury Derby Hall June 1, Walthamstow Royal Standard 6, Oxford Dolly 12, Derby Rockhouse 13, Stoke Wheatsheaf 14, Bradford Queens Hall 15, Tonypandy Naval 16, Llanharan RFC 17, East Ham Ruskin Arms 24, Workington Carnegie July 6.

KICK
play Stoke Newington Pegasus May 9. They have a seven-track demo available priced £2.50 from: Julian Garner, 1 Highclere Road, New Malden, Surrey KT3 3HJ.

GUNFIRE DANCE
play Birmingham Barrel Organ May 13. For merchandise details contact: 40 Selsdon Road, Bloxwich, Walsall WS3 3UE.

THE EXPLOITED
Stress, Sic Boy Federation and Neon Scream play Trowbridge Stargazers May 14.

DIRTY VALENTINE
play York Winning Post May 27 (supporting Rich Rags). They have a four-track demo available priced £3 from: First Floor Flat, 230 Holderness Road, Hull, North Humberside.

SISTER MIDNIGHT
play Bradford St George's Hall May 13, Bedford Angel 17, Brighton Zap Club 18, Hastings Crypt 22.

FELONY
play Tamworth Arts Centre May 13, Bognor Regis Crown 14, Ipswich ICC 18.

SCARLETTE
play Newmarket Rising Sun May 12, London Opera On The Green 23.

SWEET FA
play Thames Rycote Wood College May 16, Maesteg Four Sevens 17, Oxford Dolly 21.

CIRCUS
play Manchester Fagins May 15, London Hippodrome 23.

BRAZIL
play Harrogate Lounge Hall June 28.

SKELETON SWING
play Oldbury Royal Oak May 12, Dudley JB's 24, Lichfield Arts Centre 25, Corby Earlstree Club June 10, Cardiff Bogiez 16.

BROOKLYN DOGS
play Dudley JB's May 10, London Sir George Robey 15, Lichfield Arts Centre 18.

ARK
play Nuneaton Arts Centre May 11, Lichfield Arts Centre June 22, Dudley JB's 28, Walthamstow Royal Standard July 20.

MUSICA
the Musicians Unite Sussex In Cancer Appeal is organising a battle of the bands competition for South East bands. Those wishing to enter should should send demo plus an SAE to: MUSICA, c/o Ohmadon, Milestones, Kent Street, Sedlescombe, East Sussex TN33 0SF.

CLIMAX
seek support slots in the London area. They have a demo available priced £1.50. For details call 01-993 4949.

WILD ONES
play Buxton North Western Sports And Social Club May 10.

LOVE AND WAR
play London Stick Of Rock May 25.

■ ***SCARLETTE***
have a three-track demo available priced £2.50. They seek gigs/management. Contact: 115 Larch Close, Balham, London SW12 9SX.

■ **PLANET CARAVAN**
seek drummer and guitarist. Influences Maiden/Zeppelin/Sabbath etc. Gigs waiting. Call Barry on (0909) 566440.

■ **GUITARIST**
aged 16, influences Europe/Dare/FM etc. looking to join/form AOR band. 'Image/outstanding ability not important, dedication and ambition are'. Contact: MP, 34 Ilkestone Avenue, Goole, North Humberside DN14 6PP.

■ **CHAOTIC CROTCH GRINDER**
have a demo available priced £1.50 from: Daryl Turner, 12 Church Close, Risby, Bury St Edmunds, Suffolk IP28 6RH.

■ **MALE VOCALIST**
required by dedicated rock band. Call Kris on (0923) 778521.

■ ***DAMAGED***
fanzine seeks demo/biog from bands wishing to be included. Contact: 'Tigh-Na-Creig', Garve Road, Ullapool, Scotland.

■ ***TONGUE IN CHEEK***
fanzine is now available priced £1 plus an SAE from: 10 Manse Crescent, Burnley In Wharfdale, Ilkley, West Yorkshire LS29, 7LA. It features an excellent interview with Metallica.

■ **SARACEN**
seek Liverpool-based vocalist/frontman. No Glam or Thrash. Call Mike on 051-724 6065.

■ **BASSIST AND SINGER**
required by 'back to basics' rock 'n' roll outfit. Influences Hanoi/Stones etc. Contact Darryl on (0793) 853756.

■ **MATTHEW GOOM**
is a young drummer seeking hardworking, professional Metal band. Will travel/relocate. Contact: 8 Station Road, North Walsham, Norfolk NR28 0EA or call (0692) 403026.

■ ***SYRA KATUL***
seek a 'powerful Metal vocalist'. Full set rehearsed, demo recorded. Interested parties should call (0273) 515373.

■ **THRASH/HARDCORE BANDS**
interested in appearing on a compilation tape should send demo/info to: Dogger, Tralee, Blackburn Road, Edgworth, Bolton, Lancs BL7 0PH.

■ **AGAINST THE GRAIN**
seek 'solid, imaginative' bassist. Aged 22-30. Call Adi on (0533) 776094.

■ **MIDNITE SUN**
have recruited vocalist Arianne Destiny and guitarist Kevin Fisher. They have a demo available priced £2.50 + 50p p+p from: 99 Tylecroft Road, Norbury, London SW16 4RJ.

■ **TARANIS**
a Thrash quartet have a demo available priced £3 from: Jason Smith, 2 Denham Lane, Barrow, Bury St Edmunds, Suffolk IP29 5DZ.

■ **EX-PANIC**
guitarist, Rhoads/Sykes/Neo-classical style, seeks HM/HR band. Contact Colin on 01-514 4679.

■ **DOOM SNAKE CULT**
are a Las Vegas based band 'at odds with modern civilisation'. They release an album through Torrid this Summer.

■ **BAG O'BONES**
seek Perry/McCoy/Stevens influenced guitarist for high-energy sleaze band. Call Dave on (0344) 774158.

■ **LEADS TO FIELDS**
have a new demo available priced £1.50 from: J. Marsden, 435 Queens Drive, Liverpool L13)AQ.

■ **SINGER REQUIRED**
by 'ambitious, serious and hardworking' Bournemouth/Salisbury area band. Call Glenn on (0202) 825692.

■ **HELMS DEEP**
seek bassist to complete line-up. Call (0993) 840388 (after 6pm).

■ **YATAGHANIC SEGMENTATOR**
have a 35-track (!) demo available by sending a blank tape and an SAE to: 24 Manse Road, Burnley In Wharfdale, Ilkley LS29 7LB.

■ **WHITE HEAT**
seek drummer. Interested parties should contact Dave Palmer on 021-783 9284.

The big page full of itsy-bitsy stories. Write to: Jon Hotten, Shrapnel, Kerrang!, Spotlight Publications, Ludgate House, 245 Blackfriars Road, London SE1 9UZ. Inclusion is free, but it's first come, first served – so please give as much warning as possible!

PANDORA PEROXIDE by Ray Zell

BRICK OUTHOUSE by Kevin B Flannery

VIEW FROM THE BAR

■ *UN-FRIGGIN'-CANNY, boozin' bretheren, that's all we can breathlessly exclaim about this out-of-season (but ever green/welcome)* ***Amazin' Lookalikes*** *item!*

But ***Scooby Doo****, who be who? Well, yeah, they sure as the poison ink in* ***Chris Watts'*** *fountain pen look like one-and-the-same-****Gary-Glitter****-cast-off-wearin' person! But believe us (and lie to you would we?) they are wholly different carbon-based entities! Or so we are led to believe...*

Swing yer mince-pies to the left an' you'll be shocked to yer festerin' socks to be informed that these molten pages contain a picture of – grab hold of yer sanity, boozers – ***Matt G*ss*** *of* ***Br*s****! (That's as klose as the K! komputers kome to acknowledgin' the name!)*

Now swivel yer pupils to the right and... well, yeah... it's our ol' pal an' buddy-wuddy ***Rob 'Looksa Lot Like Luke' Halford*** *of* ***Judas Priest****!*

But, c'mon... the Brillo pad attire, the peroxide crop, the dainty golden earring... there's somethin' fishy goin' on here, boozers... and it isn't Halford's 'Essence Of Pilchard' under arm spray!

Pic Steve Double

Pic Chris Walter/Photofeatures

The most feared, felonious and flagrantly FACT-filled gossip column in the entire Heavy Metallic universe!

■ BOOZERS, BOOZERS, boozers (weird echo in here...?), how the flippin' 'ell are ya?

Us? Well, sweet of ya to ask, but as per usual it's all work an' no play. Y'know, partyin', liggin', visitin' distant exotic lands, hangin' out with famous **Rock Stars** 'n' personalities, dinin' with **Glamorous Wimmin**, readin' fan mail etc. Sigh. Life's a bitch, innit.

Still, a dude's gotta earn a crust. It's a dirty job an' all that. So don't you go losin' any sleep, boozers, worryin' about our welfare and are we eatin' all our veggies an' stuff like that. We've got used to these invisible bonds which chain us to our gruellin' chores and responsibilities. Just knowin' you care... well... it's like a soothin' remedy for our ugly mental scars.

Yet brave as we try to sound, sometimes, when we find a few fleetin' seconds to ackshully rest with a bottle of **Möet & Chandon** or any suchlike cheap plonk, you could just possibly hear us utter under our breath... doesn't fun fly when you're doin' time...

■ THE **QUIREBOYS** – bless their moth-eaten stripey grandad threads – made us all dead proud of 'em by wowin' a capacity crowd at **Hammy O** last week – a sure sign that after 10 million years somethin' is shakin' the British side of the pond!

An' so was the stage under the additional strain of the "few surprises" **Spike** an' crew had lined up. **Nottingham** and **Liverpool** had already seen 'em but the F-A-C-T-S hadn't reached Darn Sarf so we wuz shocked 'n' stunned 'n' sorrowful to see the demise of our (er-herm!) 'Bar HQ set... Then shocked 'n' stunned 'n' suitably impressed as all these girlies strutted in from the wings and up onto the ramps at the back like it wuz somethin' outta **Cecil B DeMille**. Boozers, we gasped, an' gasped, then dashed backstage to meet each an' *every* one of 'em – purely so we could give 'em the ol' VFTBar namecheck, y'understand. Sheesh, here goes then: on bold-as-brass horns there was **Anita Carmichael**, **Clare Hirst** 'n' **Barbara Snow**; then on take-a-bow strings they had **Sonia Slauty**, **Andre Riley**, **Lynne Baker** 'n' **Sarah White**; with lung-bustin' backin' vox chix **Beverley Skeete**, **Zeitia Massiah** an' our ol' mate an' moonlightin' **Dirty Strangers** vocalist **Angie Brown**. Phew!

Those with enough energy left after this emotional experience (the gig, not the lovely ladies) set about climbin' the stairs to the Hammy O backstage bar. Already there swiggin' in the QB's honour was **Quo**-man **Rick 'I Used To Be In A Rock Band' Parfitt**, whose cosy perch at the bar was quickly engulfed by the lascivious liggin' likes of (got a spare week?) **Phil 'I Used To Be In A Rock Band Too' Mogg** who evidently really *did* used to be in a rock band, but is now infinitely more famous for bein' QB bassist **Nigel 'The Schnozz' Mogg**'s uncle, **Ozzy 'I Think I'm Still In A Band But I'm Not Sure' Osbourne**, 'Bar perennial **Willie 'The Singer's My Mate And I Wrote One Of Their Songs' Nillie** of the **Grope**, the hideously tanned **'Handsome' Mick Ransome** of the **Justgotbackfrom Mehols Boys**, **Horse (Britain)**, and many other salubrious celebs too mentionable (but not British enough!) to get

Pic Ray Palmer

■ *WORD IN the sewer has it (we can't insult 'the street' now, can we?) that any muso (chortle!) that ever has or ever will (or is really that desperate to!) play in the* ***Lisa Dominique*** *band is doomed, and we mean* DOOOOOOOMED*, to the kinda notoriety that can only lead to havin' yer visage plastered up for all to see 'n' instantly forget about in the* ***Ken Of The Week*** *hall of non-fame!*

Thus, Gus (or 'So, Joe' or 'That's why, Guy') we felt it our duty to present'cha with some proof of those shadow-stalkin' stars' anonymity...

So we searched, we scoured, we strained our bleary baby blues for shots of Lisa and her Ken Krew, and this, boozers, is the ONLY pic of Lisa with anyone (except ***Marino The Brother****) our tiresome task turned up.*

As you can see-ly plain, the possibilities hinted at in our theories were magnified by the pudding in the proof! WHO ARE THESE BOZOS?

Flipping da pic over it became as plain as the head on ***Nigel Mogg****'s nose, the musician info!*

From the left, ***John Seaton*** *of ...****Treason****?!? Nige* ***Rockett*** *from ...****Onslaught****?!? Paul Tunnicliffe of, ahem ...****Slammer****?!?*

Cough. Whistle. Subtle blush. Sorry about that lads we thought you woz somebody else. But, um, nobody in particular.

HARGH! HARGH! HARGH!

numerated after that lot!

Natch almost the entire freebie-huntin' *K!*klan were exercisin' their well-oiled elbows too, but maybe even more interestin' (what? – than **Mick Wall**?!) is the hot F-A-C-T (yeah, we dish 'em out in our sleep!) that the new Quireboys stage-set was ackshully discarded by **Jacksons** clones an' has-been pop-persons **Five Star**! Turns out they had it built but never used it, so they flogged it to the QB's for 10 quid! True!

An' worra spooky coincidence that the stage wound up bein' used by five stars anyway! We-e-ell... five stars an' that Nigel Mogg geezer. HAAAAAARGHHH!!!

■ AND WHAT be this, pray? VFTB the gossip column which force-feeds ya da meat 'n' potato F-A-C-T-S accused over the old *K!* Fax hotline of falseness?!? Why, the very heavens rumbled (or was it **Krusher**'s beergut?) at the mere insinuation! Perish for-bleedin'-bid sayeth we, but here's the scam, Sam:

It *seeeeeeems* (which means it's a F-A-C-T by F-A-X!) that when – oh fer fug's sake – not 'im again! – **Willie** of the **Gripe** (is he buyin' his 'Bar mentions in bulk or what?!) informed the 'Bar (in good faith we believed) that while recordin' his latest 45 **'A Mouldy Cream Bun'** (he's not paying enough for free plugs as well) at Air Studios, he accidentally on purpose smashed their Pinball Wizard pinball machine... he coulda been tellin' porkies!

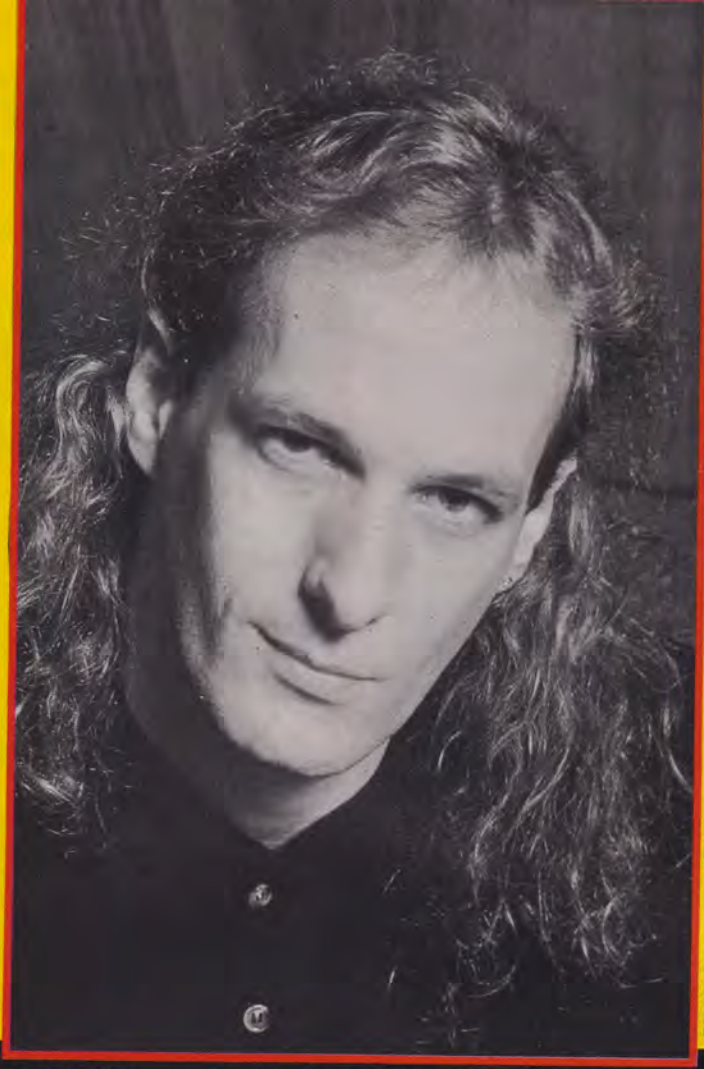
Oh, tut upon tut. Smack his soft little limp pink wrist. But, yes, a fax spilled forth from a buncha self-acclaimed "all rockin', raunchy ravers" (oo-er, not our kinda people at all!) callin' 'emselves the **Rock Vixens From Hell**. Right, boozin' ones, we never heard of their hides either, but they reckon it was, in ackshul FACT, *themselves* and not Sillie Billie Willie who was (ir)responsible for the pinball's untimely malfunction! Da plot thickens!

"For more information" we were asked to contact **Angel Delight** 'n' **Cindy Suxx**... Hmmmmmm, but with well-dodgy handles like that we'd expect a little-bit-of-watcha-fancy more than just info!

Hey... perks of da job, don'tcha know! HARGH!

■ WE'RE NOT eggs-actly (hold on, we're gettin' ahead of ourselves pun-wise here!) too sure where this particular F-A-C-T was hatched (too much! *toooo* much!) but we're sure you'll agree it's a bonafide bomb-shell! (We-are-on-a-*roll*, here, boozers!) (An egg roll?) Hargh! Here goes...

Faith No More bassist **Bill 'Egg-terminator' Gould** has... well.... 'Egg-phobia'! He literally hates, detests 'n' despises the hard-shelled reproductive body produced by domestic poultry! Boiled. Scrambled. Poached. On toast. You name it ol' Billy-boy loathes it!



Pic Ulf Magnusson/Idols

■ *ALL YOU* baaaaaaad-*wicked boys 'n' girls could well be forgiven for thinkin' that the accompanyin' frozen moment-in-time is the sensational start of a whole new breathtakin' 'Bar item:* ***'Earth Shatterin' Hairstyles Which Practically Defy Description And Bobby Charlton's Hairbrush And Gluepot'*** *(not that it isn't a concept of acridly awesome possibilities...!)*

But in F-A-C-T ack-shoo-al (which is ze French for 'in ack-shoo-al F-A-C-T') there is a genetic reason for AOR superstar ***Michael 'Just Cos I'm Wimp Don't Mean I'm Limp' Bolton****'s somewhat conspicuously sparse barnet action. It seeeeems (an' ya know what that meanz!) that Micky B's brain actually – get this – EATS HAIR! It's true, sippin' siblings, his grey matter thrives on the substance! Sucks it in like spaghetti!*

Laugh if you must, but with that on his mind (or in it) is it any wonder that his last ***'Pasta Imbiber'*** *LP was so goddamn un-*Kerrang!*? And as we often remind ya in these perilous pages, an' like a chap nearly as wise in his wisdom as* ***Geoff 'Damn! I Forgot Me Jam Butties!' Barton*** *himself once said: "F-A-C-T is often stranger than Britain's entry to this year's* ***Eurovision Song Contest****!"*

So next time you're superglued to the mirror, teasin' 'n' bleachin' an' generally abusin' yer plentiful healthy locks... you spare a passin' thought for the less fortunate with biological disorders which boast no... er... 'fringe' benefits whatsoever.

HARGH! We are bastards *ain't we? At least we hope so...!*

To test the story, our man in **San Fran, Steffan 'Egg McMuffin' Chirazi**, once placed a hard boiled egg in Bill's hand. The bassist grasped it hesitantly for a matter of seconds, then his eyes flashed nutso an' he hurled the egg furiously at the wall!

Sheesh! We've dealt with our fair share of megalomaniacs in our time, boozers, but this guy has got *reeeeal* eggo-problems!

HARGH!

■ AND STAYIN' 'loosely' on the subject of eggs (ahem), popular consensus on the major highlight of the reshent **Helloween** 'Hello EMI' party at **Marquee Café** appears to be the far from fragrant odour which insidiously permeated the do.

One or two possible perpetrators of this foul crime have been strongly hinted at since the bash – which is now referred to somewhat unaffectionately as 'The Smelloween Party'. Yet take into account boozers, that among those present were known poopers from this parish: **Xavier 'I'm Innocent, Guv, 'Onest!' Russell, Krusher 'The Butler Did It' Joule, Howard 'It Was Hotten's Aftershave!' Johnson, Jon 'But I'm Too Young 'N' Cheeky To Shave!' Hotten, Cara 'Poo! What Ever It Is – It Came From Down Under' Mulford** an' komputer puncher an' psychoanalyst **Simone 'I Hope You're Not Insinuatin' That I...?!' Minogue**.

But why, boozers, did all those around **Maiden**/Helloween manager an' otherwise 'good egg' **Rod 'I'm Payin', Why're You Stayin'?' Smallwood** look so green and uncomfortable? All in all, a most unsavoury affair, but one, for obvious reasons, nobody really wants to get to the... um... 'bottom' of. HARGH!

■ IT APPEARS our dear ol' pal, buddy, mate, chum and ex-you-know-who **Ginger**, now of the **Wild Hearts**, had a slight brush with the law reshently.

This (er-herm) pirate video distributor (no, **Zell**, not **'Captain Pugwash'**!) got his collar felt by them fearless boys in blue who followed up the raid by checking up on the 'clients' in this guy's nasty little black book. Boozers, they say F-A-C-T is stranger than fiction and coincidence is harder to spell, so wouldja believe us if we said ol' Ginge The Whinge's name happened to turn up in those very pages? Well, it did, natch, and our Ginge was paid a visit by the plod squad.

"Ooooh, I couldnae believe it, mon!" whinged the whingein' wonder as he twiddled his fingers, a dumbfounded expression pasted on his boat. "I'd got all these tapes strictly legal like, but they didnae lissun. They just confiscated all ma best fillums – **'Long Island Cannibal Massacre'**, **'Gerbils Ripped My Flesh-Coloured Kegs'** and **'Krusher's Socks Have Risen From The Grave'**!

"I asked 'em wot they wurz gonna do wi' 'em like, an' they said they wurz gonna incinerate 'em! So I says there's some greet fillums there, mon... youz should at least watch 'em before ye foggin' burn the bastads!?"

Strange... the police swiped all those vile vids yet were totally unconcerned with Ginge bein' in possession of a **'Hard 'N' Heavy'** video...

■ HIGH SCHOOL drop-out **Heather Locklear**, the **Crüe**'s **Tommy Lee**'s missus, has gone back to school as a student of psychology. Which, if nothin' else, will at least bring the dear thing an iota closer to comprehendin' the warped mind of her Wild Man Of Rock hubbie!

Ms Locklear, who used to play sultry (we got the tabloid phrases!) **Sammy Jo** in axed **'Dynasty'** has since suffered a flaggin' career, includin' a starrin' role (sack yer fuggin' agent!) in the unintentionally hilarious **'Return Of The Swamp Thing'**.

But is it any wonder she ain't gettin' offered any parts? It's a well know F-A-C-T in glitzy **Hollyweird** that she used to drive everyone on the 'Dynasty' set nuts by insistin' on blastin' out Mötley Crüe tapes in between takes!

Whenever she'd turn up for an audition they'd cop one earful of her ghetto blaster and say... SEEE YA!!!

METAL CHARTZ

ALBUMS

1	2	BRIGADE **Heart** (Capitol)
2	–	THE EARTHQUAKE ALBUM **Various** (Life Aid Armenia)
3	3	STILL GOT THE BLUES **Gary Moore** (Virgin)
4	5	THE REAL THING **Faith No More** (London)
5	8	MANIC NIRVANA **Robert Plant** (Es Paranza/EastWest)
6	1	THE CLAIRVOYANT/INFINITE DREAMS (LIVE) (mini) **Iron Maiden** (EMI)
7	7	A BIT OF WHAT YOU FANCY **Quireboys** (Parlophone)
8	4	ECLIPSE **Yngwie J Malmsteen** (Polydor)
9	6	CAN I PLAY WITH MADNESS/EVIL THAT MEN DO (mini) **Iron Maiden** (EMI)
10	11	PERMANENT VACATION **Aerosmith** (Geffen)
11	13	APPETITE FOR DESTRUCTION **Guns N' Roses** (Geffen)
12	9	SKID ROW **Skid Row** (Atlantic)
13	16	PUMP **Aerosmith** (Geffen)
14	12	PURE SOFT METAL **Various** (Stylus)
15	23	INTRODUCE YOURSELF **Faith No More** (Slash/London)
16	14	BACK STREET SYMPHONY **Thunder** (EMI)
17	19	BLACKOUT IN THE RED ROOM **Love/Hate** (CBS)
18	10	WASTED YEARS/STRANGER IN A STRANGE HEART (mini album) **Iron Maiden** (EMI)
19	15	BEZERK **Tigertailz** (Music For Nations)
20	re	LIVE AND DANGEROUS **Thin Lizzy** (Vertigo Mid-Price)
21	25	FLYING IN A BLUE DREAM **Joe Satriani** (Food For Thought)
23	61	SEASONS END **Marillion** (EMI)
24	22	HYSTERIA **Def Leppard** (Bludgeon Riffola/Phonogram)
25	24	SHAKE YOUR MONEYMAKER **Black Crowes** (Def American)
26	20	SLAM **Dan Reed Network** (Mercury)
27	18	THE HIT LIST **Joan Jett** (Chrysalis)
28	32	BAT OUT OF HELL **Meat Loaf** (Cleveland International)
29	21	STASIS – THE UA YEARS 1971-1975 **Hawkwind** (EMI)
30	29	NEW JERSEY **Bon Jovi** (Vertigo)
31	27	SOFT METAL **Various** (Stylus)
32	–	BEG TO DIFFER **Prong** (Epic)
33	17	RUNNING FREE/RUN TO THE HILLS (LIVE) (mini) **Iron Maiden** (EMI)
34	30	STICK IT TO YA **Slaughter** (Chrysalis)
35	35	FOUR SYMBOLS **Led Zeppelin** (Atlantic)
36	37	GN'R LIES **Guns N' Roses** (Geffen)
37	33	10 FROM 6 **Bad Company** (Atlantic)
38	–	VICES **Circus Of Power** (RCA)
39	28	HITS OUT OF HELL **Meat Loaf** (Epic)
40	34	VIGIL IN A WILDERNESS OF MIRRORS **Fish** (EMI)
41	–	GOD'S GIFT **Toranaga** (Chrysalis)
42	26	2 MINUTES TO MIDNIGHT/ACES HIGH (mini) **Iron Maiden** (EMI)
43	52	BAD ENGLISH **Bad English** (Epic)
44	42	SLIP OF THE TONGUE **Whitesnake** (EMI)
45	67	THE SINGLES ALBUM **Jimi Hendrix** (Polydor)
46	56	DR FEELGOOD **Mötley Crüe** (Elektra)
47	53	DELICATE SOUND OF THUNDER **Pink Floyd** (EMI)
48	57	ELIMINATOR **ZZ Top** (Warner Bros)
49	38	OBNOXIOUS **Acid Reign** (Under One Flag)
50	51	RADIO ONE **Jimi Hendrix** (Collector Series)
51	39	BON JOVI **Bon Jovi** (Vertigo)
52	50	RUN TO THE HILLS/THE NUMBER OF THE BEAST (mini album) **Iron Maiden** (EMI)
53	59	LED ZEPPELIN III **Led Zeppelin** (Atlantic)
54	64	LIVE AFTER DEATH **Iron Maiden** (EMI)
55	65	MASTER OF PUPPETS **Metallica** (Vertigo)
56	70	...AND JUSTICE FOR ALL **Metallica** (Vertigo)
57	69	SMASH HITS **Jimi Hendrix Experience** (Polydor)
58	55	JUST SAY OZZY **Ozzy Osbourne** (Epic)
59	43	SONIC TEMPLE **Cult** (Beggars Banquet)
60	48	TRASH **Alice Cooper** (Epic)
61	62	PURGATORY/MAIDEN JAPAN (mini) **Iron Maiden** (EMI)
62	re	BLACK ROSE **Thin Lizzy** (Mercury Mid-Price)
63	71	RUNNING FREE/SANCTUARY (mini) **Iron Maiden** (EMI)
64	46	ACT III **Death Angel** (Geffen)
65	40	LAST DECADE DEAD CENTURY **Warrior Soul** (Geffen)
66	36	FLIGHT OF ICARUS/THE TROOPER (mini) **Iron Maiden** (EMI)
67	re	OPEN UP AND SAY... AHH! **Poison** (Capitol)
68	49	WOMEN IN UNIFORM/THE TWILIGHT ZONE (mini) **Iron Maiden** (EMI)
69	44	INTO THE MIRROR BLACK **Sanctuary** (Epic)
70	re	HEART **Heart** (Capitol)
71	54	VANITY/NEMESIS **Celtic Frost** (EMI Noise)
72	41	GREATEST HITS **Aerosmith** (CBS)
73	45	POWERSLAVE **Iron Maiden** (Fame/EMI)
74	47	THE NUMBER OF THE BEAST **Iron Maiden** (Fame/EMI)
75	68	SOMEWHERE IN TIME **Iron Maiden** (EMI)

Send your Local Chart and Reader's Chart, with a pic if ya like, to: Kerrang! Chartz, Spotlight Publications, Ludgate House, 245 Blackfriars Road, London SE1 9UZ

READERS CHART

1 YESTERDAY'S GIRL **Soho Roses**
2 SAVIOUR **Dogs D'Amour**
3 BLUES MAN **Sink** (Hi Ed!)
4 HEAVEN OR HOLLYWOOD **Uncle Sam**
5 BULLET **Misfits**
6 WENDY **Descendents** (Hi Steve and CJ!)
7 WHY WALTZ WHEN YOU CAN ROCK 'N' ROLL? **Tattooed Love Boys** (Hi Mick, Nick and Garry... thanx for the backing vox!)
8 NO HAND OF GOD **Evel Knievel Rice**
9 CAFÉ AVENUE **Hanoi Rocks**
10 ABYSMAL **Shudder To Think...**

Fitz (Like A Glove) is stuck in New Mexico but is a former London rock club ligger. He's been reading* Kerrang! *for eight years and could STILL get his head together to put this chart together "just to prove Paul Blitz (Soho Roses) is a legend in his own lunchtime"

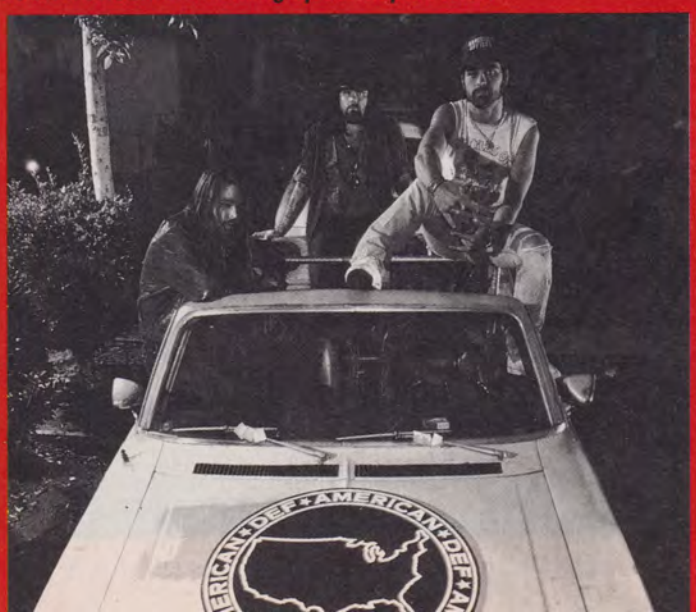
1 BLACKOUT IN THE RED ROOM **Love/Hate**
2 VANITY/NEMESIS **Celtic Frost**
3 NO RESPECT **Vain**
4 LOUDER THAN LOVE **Soundgarden**
5 NEIGHBORHOOD THREAT **Johnny Crash**
6 INTO THE MIRROR BLACK **Sanctuary**
7 MOTHER'S MILK **Red Hot Chili Peppers**
8 IN BATTLE THERE IS NO LAW **Bolt Thrower**
9 MASTERS OF REALITY **Masters Of Reality**
10 ...THE *NEXT* ALBUM! **Danzig**

***Dave Milner is, 19-year-old student at Sheffield Polytechnic who ain't in a band but likes Kiss, and 'Emmerdale Farm'.* (Err... That's okay Dave, anyone who puts Love/Hate at Number One is still cool by us – 'Brookside' Watching Ed.)**

IMPORTS

1	1	ELECTRIC ANGELS **Electric Angels** (Atlantic)
2	2	DYNAMITE FROM NIGHTMARE LAND **Kill For Thrills** (MCA)
3	5	SHAKE YOUR SOUL **Baton Rouge** (Atlantic)
4	6	FOUR HORSEMEN **Four Horsemen** (Caroline)
5	3	HARD **The Joneses** (Atlantic)
6	8	LOUD AND CLEAR **Signal** (EMI)
7	9	INDIAN WARRIOR **Havana Black** (EMI)
8	4	TEAR THE HOUSE DOWN **Hericane Alice** (Atlantic)
9	10	IN THE LINE OF FIRE **Robin Trower** (Atlantic)
10	7	RUBBING ME THE RIGHT WAY **Tim Karr** (EMI)

FOUR HORSEMEN: trotting up the Import chart



Pic Mark Leialoha

INDIE METAL

1 1 BEZERK **Tigertailz** (Music For Nations)
2 2 FLYING IN A BLUE DREAM **Joe Satriani** (Food For Thought)

JOE SATRIANI: holding down two of the Top Five Indie places

3 3 OBNOXIOUS **Acid Reign** (Under One Flag)
4 4 SURFING WITH THE ALIENS **Joe Satriani** (Food For Thought)
5 5 BENEATH THE REMAINS **Sepultura** (Roadrunner)
6 7 ON A STORYTELLER'S NIGHT **Magnum** (FM/Revolver)
7 6 SPIRITUAL HEALING **Death** (Under One Flag)
8 12 NO REMORSE **Motörhead** (Castle Classics)
9 10 NOT OF THIS EARTH **Joe Satriani** (Food For Thought)
10 15 BACK ON THE STREETS **Saxon** (Connoisseur Collection)
11 17 CONDEMNED TO ETERNITY **Re-animator** (Under One Flag)
12 13 HANDLE WITH CARE **Nuclear Assault** (Under One Flag)
13 9 LOOK WHAT THE CAT DRAGGED IN **Poison** (Music For Nations)
14 14 ROCK PROFILE **Ritchie Blackmore** (Connoisseur Collection)
15 20 THRASH THE WALL **Various** (Roadrunner)
16 16 VIOLENT BY NATURE **Atrophy** (Roadracer)
17 18 NO SLEEP AT ALL **Motörhead** (GWR)
18 8 HEADING FOR TOMORROW **Kai Hansen's Gamma Ray** (Noise International)
19 19 SHATTERED EXISTENCE **Xentrix** (Roadracer)
20 11 ACID DAZE BOX SET **Hawkwind** (Receiver)

VIDEOS

1 1 NEW JERSEY **Bon Jovi** (PMV/Channel 5)
2 3 LIVE AT POMPEII **Pink Floyd** (PMV/Channel 5)
3 4 MAIDEN ENGLAND **Iron Maiden** (PMI)
4 – THRASH, METAL, SPEED SPECIAL **Various** (Virgin)
5 11 DELICATE SOUND OF THUNDER **Pink Floyd** (PMI)
6 2 THE WALL **Pink Floyd** (PMI)
7 7 THE SONG REMAINS THE SAME **Led Zeppelin** (Warner Home Video)
8 5 HARD 'N' HEAVY VOL 6 **Various** (PMI)
9 9 SLIPPERY WHEN WET **Bon Jovi** (Vertigo)
10 10 IN THE ROUND, IN YOUR FACE – LIVE **Def Leppard** (PMV/Channel 5)

DEF LEPPARD: pouring sugar in yer VCR!

11 8 SIGHT FOR SORE EARS **Poison** (PMI)
12 6 A BIT OF WHAT YOU FANCY **Quireboys** (PMI)
13 12 HITS FROM HELL **Meat Loaf** (CMV)
14 17 SMOKE ON THE WATER – ROCK AID ARMENIA **Various** (Virgin)
15 19 FOURPLAY **Whitesnake** (Music Club)
16 20 HARD 'N' HEAVY VOL 5 **Various** (PMI)
17 16 LIVE **Lita Ford** (BMG Video)
18 14 PRESERVED **Status Quo** (Spectrum)
19 13 TWO OF ONE **Metallica** (Vertigo)
20 18 THROUGH THE CAMERA EYE **Rush** (Spectrum)

SINGLES

1 1 ALL I WANNA DO IS MAKE LOVE TO YOU **Heart** (Capitol)
2 4 TATTOED MILLIONAIRE **Bruce Dickinson** (EMI)
3 2 FROM OUT OF NOWHERE **Faith No More** (Slash)
4 5 HURTING KIND (I'VE GOT MY EYES ON YOU) **Robert Plant** (Es Paranaza/EastWest)
5 3 I DON'T LOVE YOU ANYMORE **Quireboys** (Parlophone)
6 7 CROSSTOWN TRAFFIC **Jimi Hendrix** (Polydor)
7 8 UNDERNEATH YOUR PILLOW **It Bites** (Virgin)
8 6 RAG DOLL **Aerosmith** (Geffen)
9 9 EASTER **Marillion** (EMI)
10 – BLACKOUT IN THE RED ROOM **Love/Hate** (CBS)

LOVE/HATE: lurve 'em to death!

Pic Alex Solca/Photofeatures

11 16 STILL IN LOVE **Stage Dolls** (Polydor)
12 10 I REMEMBER YOU **Skid Row** (Atlantic)
13 11 OH PRETTY WOMAN **Gary Moore featuring Albert King** (Virgin)
14 – MAKING LOVE **Yngwie J Malmsteen** (Polydor)
15 12 WHEN I SEE YOU SMILE **Bad English** (Epic)
16 15 CAN'T GET ENOUGH **Bad Company** (Atlantic)
17 14 ANYTIME **McAuley Schenker Group** (EMI)
18 13 A GENTLEMAN'S EXUSE ME **Fish** (EMI)
19 18 FOREVER **Kiss** (Vertigo)
20 22 DIRTY DEEDS **Joan Jett** (Chrysalis)
21 20 KICKING UP DUST **Little Angels** (Polydor)
22 17 SWEET SOUL SISTER **Cult** (Beggars Banquet)
23 19 THE DEEPER THE LOVE **Whitesnake** (EMI)
24 21 DUDE (LOOKS LIKE A LADY) **Aerosmith** (Geffen)
25 25 RAINBOW CHILD **Dan Reed Network** (Mercury)
26 26 EPIC **Faith No More** (Slash/London)
27 – WHO'S FOOLIN' WHO **Bonfire** (MSA)

BONFIRE: crackling twighem at Number 27

Pic Ross Halfin

28 28 DIRTY LOVE **Thunder** (EMI)
29 24 I LIKE IT HOT **Wolfsbane** (Def American)
30 23 18 AND LIFE **Skid Row** (Atlantic)
31 32 HEY YOU **Quireboys** (Parlophone)
32 34 NO MORE MR NICE GUY **Megadeth** (SBK)
33 29 DOWN THE WIRE **ASaP** (EMI)
34 31 TAKING ON THE WORLD **Gun** (A&M)
35 – HARD LUCK STORY **Martyn Snapes** (Regal Zenophone/EMI)
36 33 STILL TOO YOUNG TO REMEMBER **It Bites** (Virgin)
37 27 HOUSE OF BROKEN LOVE **Great White** (Capitol)
38 30 BROKEN HEART **Shy** (RCA)
39 36 BIG BAD MOON **Joe Satriani** (Food For Thought)
40 40 INFINITE DREAMS **Iron Maiden** (EMI)

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THU 28 LONDON Astoria Theatre